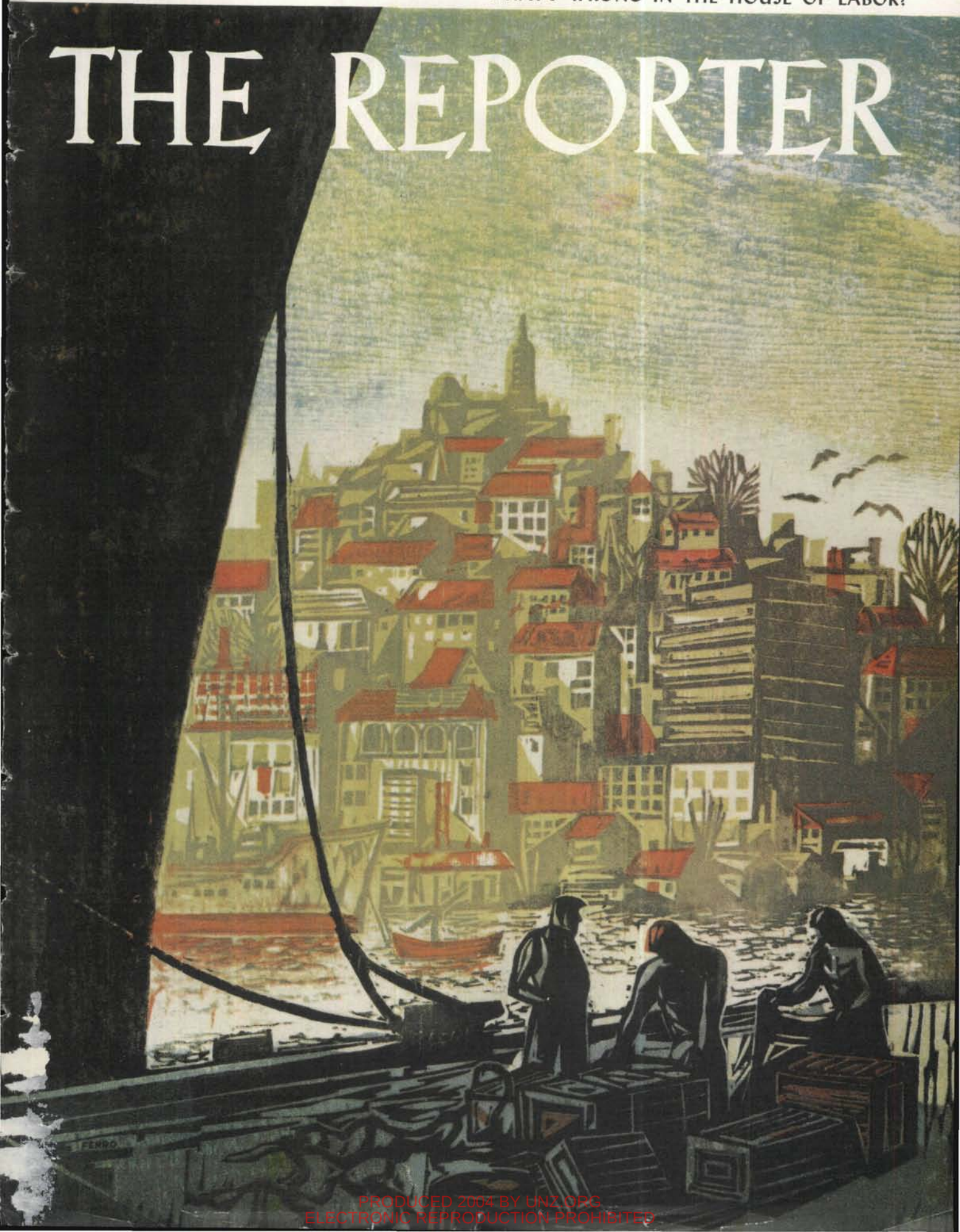
CDC October 12, 1961 25¢

This 'Red-or-Dead' Nonsense

WHAT'S WRONG IN THE HOUSE OF LABOR?

THE REPORTER



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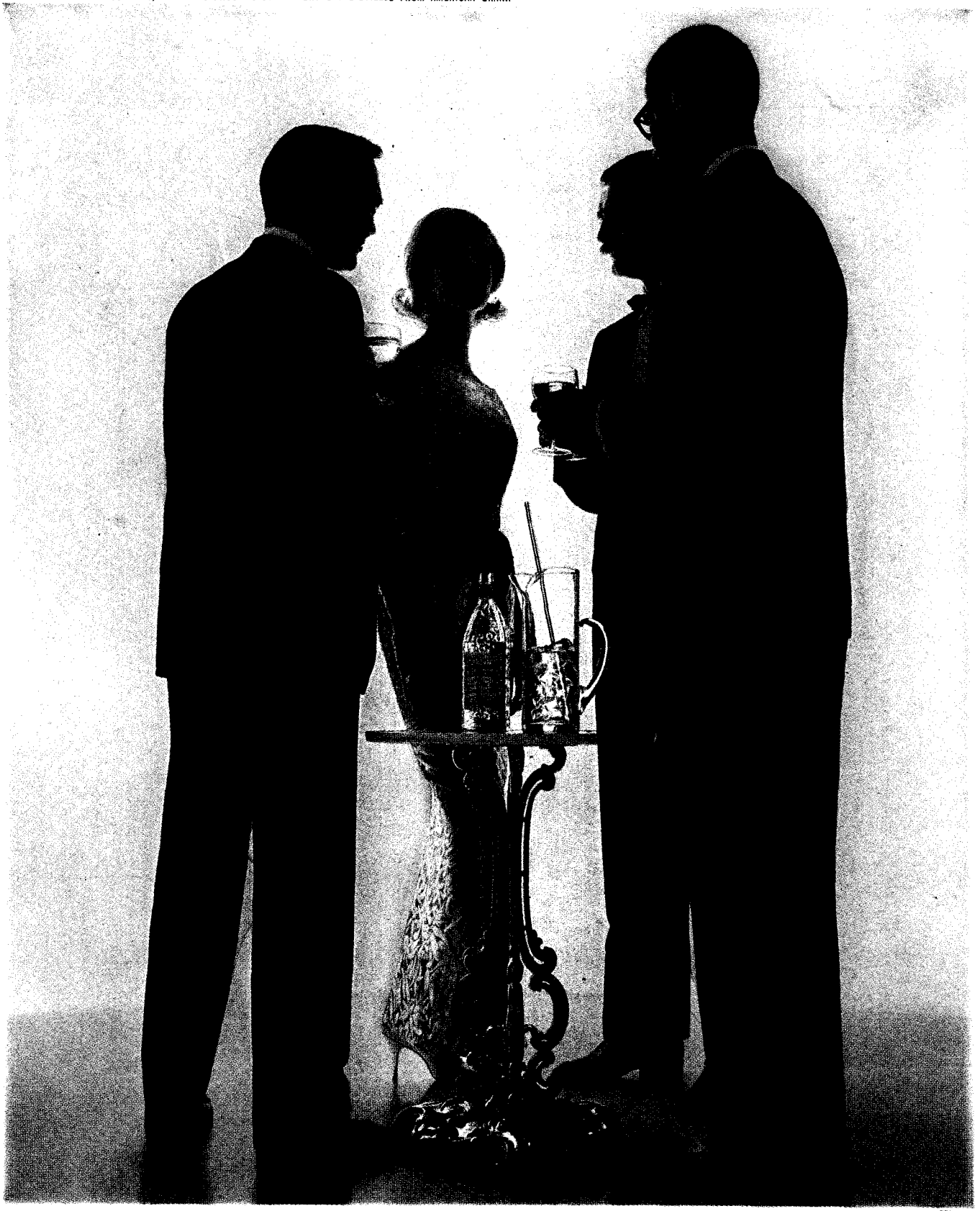

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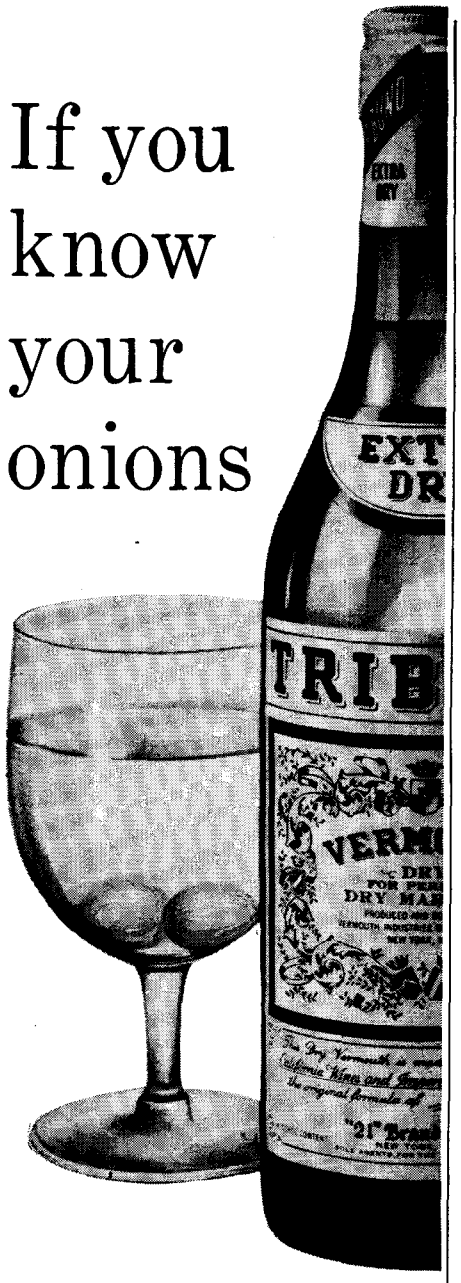

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE HAS BEEN a tendency of late, particularly among those who call themselves liberals, to argue that it is a mistake to compare the aggressive maneuverings of Communism in the 1960's with those of Fascism in the 1930's and to insist that we must do everything we can to negotiate our differences with the men in the Kremlin. But to *The Reporter*, which is proud to call itself a liberal magazine, there is no point in trying to establish a hierarchy among tyrannies: They are to be hated and they are to be fought. Although many earnest souls, both liberal and otherwise, have come to envision the future in terms of Khrushchev's insidious riddle—"Isn't it better to be Red than dead?"—**Max Ascoli** asserts in his editorial that this so-called choice actually only promises two roads to the same miserable end, which is death in either case.

IN THIS ISSUE we present two studies of recent developments in nations that are at the heart of our alliance—France and Germany—and in each case it is apparent that the security of Europe in its entirety is indivisible from what might once have been considered purely domestic political concerns. . . . Many people have asked who can fill General de Gaulle's shoes, but the distinguished French journalist **André Fontaine** asks a more immediate question that is certainly of no less importance: who or what can fill the vacuum between the French people and their government that used to be occupied by the political parties? With the example of Algeria before them, many Frenchmen are turning to the more extreme forms of direct action in order to press their claims on the attention of the government. M. Fontaine, diplomatic correspondent of *Le Monde*, is convinced that the dialogue of French politics must once more be established. . . . Our Central European correspondent, **George Bailey**, reports that in the recent elections "Adenauer stood and fell with Allied policy in Germany." In other words, the old chancellor's firm loyalty to an American policy that seemed anything but firm itself after the Communists walled off Berlin undoubtedly cost him the majority that could have preserved a stable government for his country at the moment it was most needed—and not by the Germans alone.

THE INDIVISIBILITY of foreign and domestic policy is not unknown in the Communist world either, as the next two articles in this issue make clear. According to **H. F. Schurmann,** even the arrogant Chinese Communists have had to cut their suit to fit their cloth in the last year or so. Mr. Schurmann is associate professor in the departments of history and sociology at the University of California in Berkeley and is currently engaged in an organizational study of Communist China. . . . **Jerry A. Rose,** who writes from Saigon, reveals the extent to which Ho Chi Minh's plans to "liberate" the fertile Mekong Delta are related to the failures of his own agricultural programs. . . . **Jane Jacobs** is an associate editor of *Architectural Forum* and her article in this issue is based on a section of her new book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities,* which will soon be published by Random House. . . . **Robert Bendiner** points out that the American labor movement, whose struggles for power and unity reached their climax in the merger of the AFL and the CIO, has fallen prey to feuding and unjustified complacency just at that point in history when its membership has ceased expanding and started to shrink.

ANYONE who has ridden the 6:02 to Westport has surely come to realize that there is more money to be made out of selling drinks on the bar car than out of the old-fashioned and cumbersome business of selling commutation tickets. **Elaine Kendall,** who admits that some of her best friends are commuters, carries this important economic insight to its logical conclusion. . . . *The New York I Know*, a collection of **Marya Mannes's** essays that originally appeared in this magazine, has been published by Lippincott, richly illustrated with photographs by Herb Snitzer. . . . **John Rosselli** is on the editorial staff of the Manchester *Guardian*. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **C. Vann Woodward's** most recent book is *The Burden of Southern History* (Louisiana State University). . . . **George Steiner** has just taken up his duties as a Fellow of Churchill College at Cambridge. . . . **Harold Strauss** is editor-in-chief of the Knopf publishing firm.

Our cover, a view of the harbor at Marseilles, is by **Walter Ferro.**

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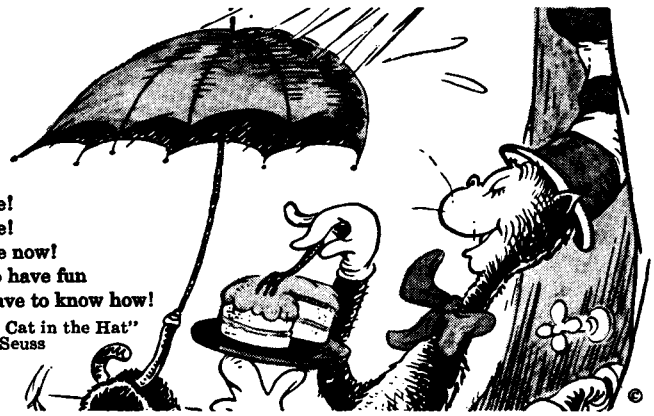

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IF YOU CAN'T GUESS WHAT YOUR FRIENDS MIGHT WANT FOR CHRISTMAS... YOU CAN CONSULT THE TEA LEAVES... OR YOU CAN TURN TO PAGE 51

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BERLIN WALL

To the Editor: Your editorial "The Wall" (*The Reporter,* September 14) makes it clear that even if we in this country don't seem to realize the importance of Berlin, there is no doubt that Khrushchev does. It is at that concrete wall that tyranny meets freedom.

MARGARET NORMAN
Cleveland

To the Editor: In your September 14 editorial you state that we should have prevented the wall from going up. How? Tanks in the Brandenburg Gate? Shoot down the men who are building it? If they answer with artillery and we answer with same, when does the first bomb fall on Berlin? What then do we do with the west half of a radioactive hole in the ground, if we are still here to make that decision?

R. E. BANKS, M.D.
Paola, Kansas

To the Editor: The fact is that hands built the wall, and hands can tear it down. Hands, not atom bombs! It was built in the face of possible warfare, by realists who know that no one is going to drop an atom or hydrogen bomb on them for building a wall. It can be torn down by other realists who are not afraid of a fist fight, which is exactly what those who built it risked.

We act as though we were paralyzed. As long as we think in terms of possible atom war instead of in terms of realities, we will continue to be paralyzed. When that illegal wall began to grow, that was the time for us to tear it down as fast as men (not atom bombs) built it. It is not too late yet, and unless we realize that a fist fight is not atom war, the Russians will continue to build walls, to fight limited wars—to do, in short, exactly as they please.

The Russians, too, are afraid of atom war. But that fact is not preventing them from going ahead and running the risk of a fist fight. It looks as though America will settle only for atomic war or nothing. And nothing is what we will get as long as we act like such cowards.

ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON
Great River, New York

CIVIL DEFENSE

To the Editor: Rarely does the subject of civil defense receive the thoughtful treatment accorded to it by Douglass Cater ("The Politics of Civil Defense," *The Reporter,* September 14).

ROBERT S. MCNAMARA
The Secretary of Defense
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Without going into detail, I suggest that the Department of

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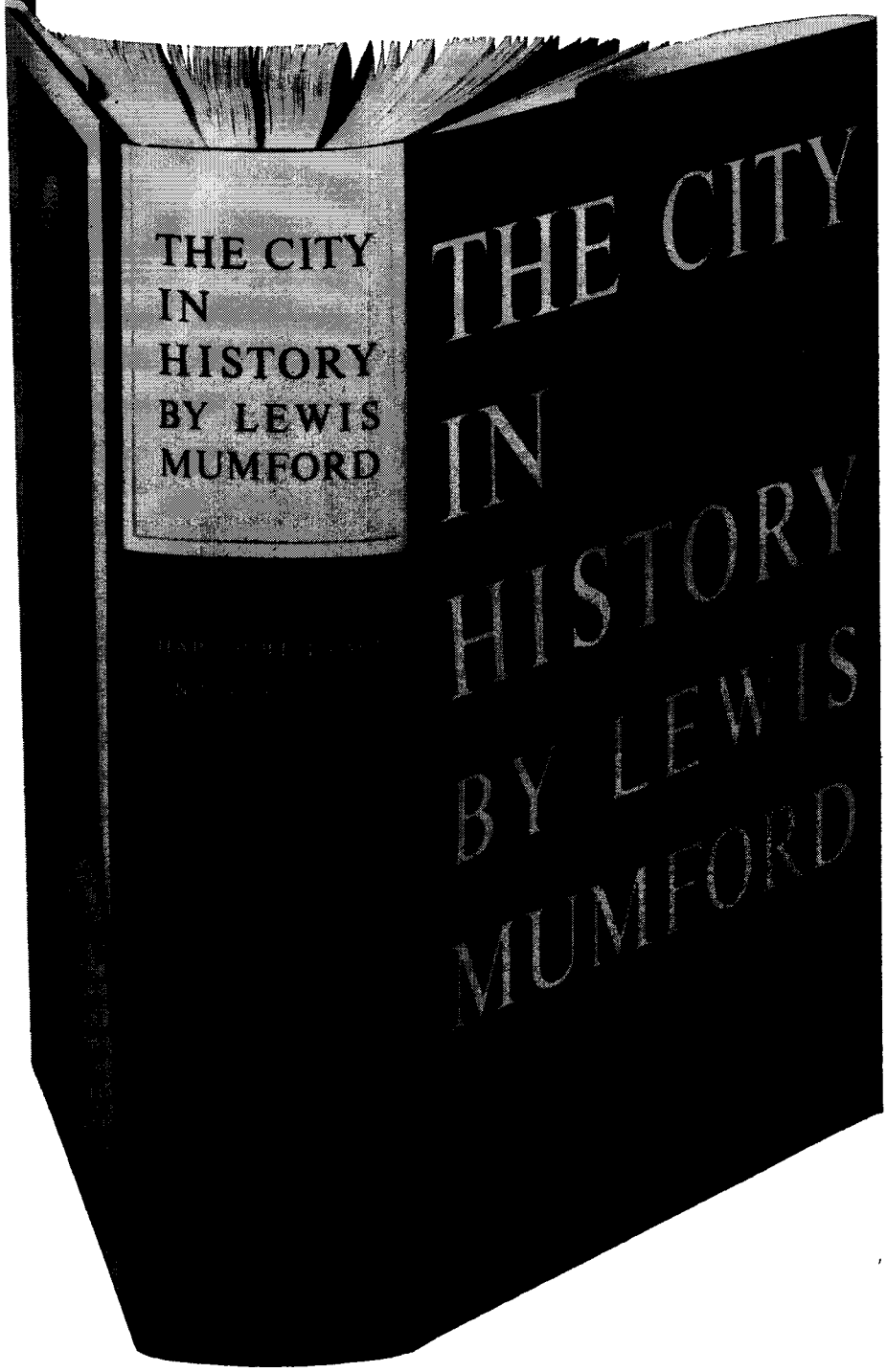

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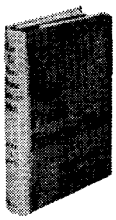

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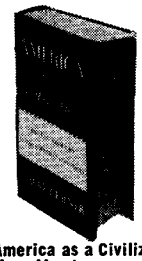

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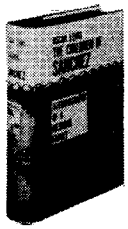

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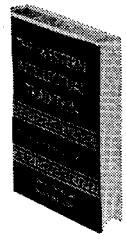

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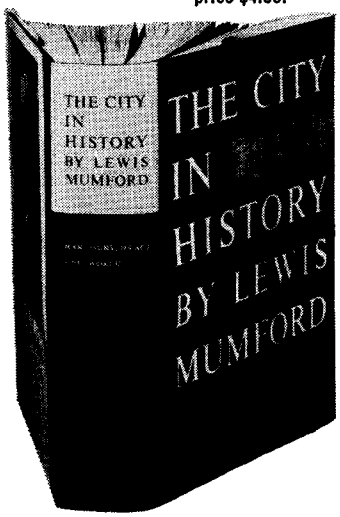

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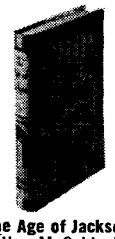

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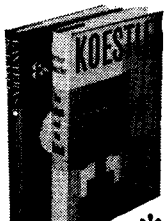

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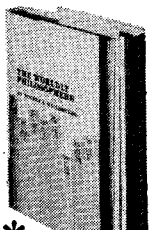

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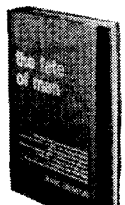

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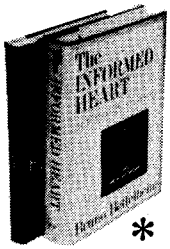

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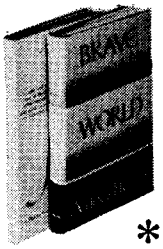

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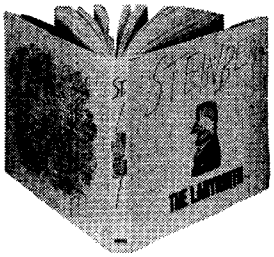

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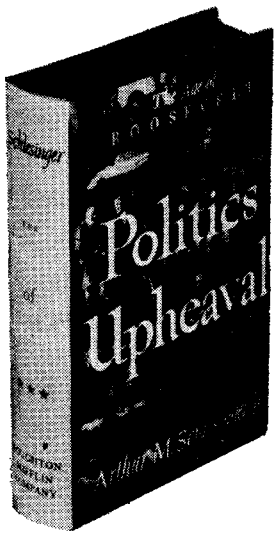

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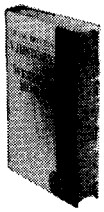

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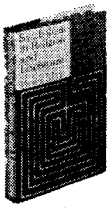

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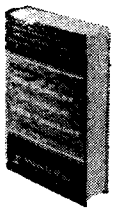

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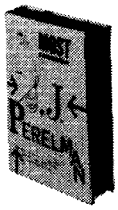

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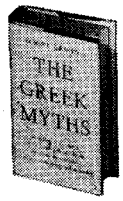

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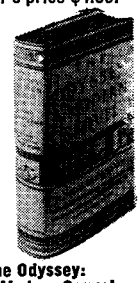

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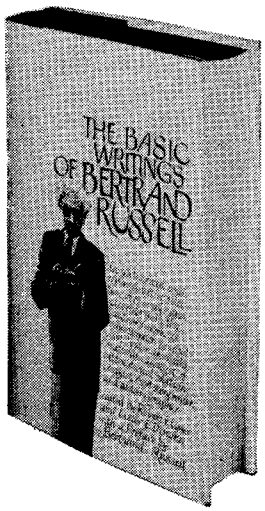

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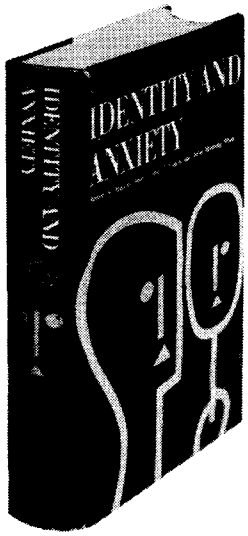

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MILLARD F. CALDWELL
Tallahassee, Florida

[*Former Governor Caldwell was Federal Civil Defense Administrator from 1950 to 1952.*]

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's article gave a much-needed summary of government moves and what has come of them. I find it hard to fathom, however, why he ends his account of the way five hundred million civil-defense dollars have gone down the drain by declaring that a "sensible program" is long overdue. Any program that implies submission to the possibility of a nuclear war capable of killing fifty million people in the first attack is anything but sensible, and all civil-defense preparations move men toward this submission.

A Philadelphia congressman informed me recently, in a noisy corner of the House lobby, that he could never vote against a program such as the recent civil-defense appropriation bill because it provided hospital units for disaster-stricken cities. Undoubtedly he knew his voting public but seemed singularly lacking in perspective on the dimensions of nuclear war. I fervently share his and Mr. Cater's regard for the value of human life and only beg that you do all you can to encourage such responsible officials and reporters to take their courage in their hands, denounce civil defense outright, and guide Americans toward sounder ways of dealing with threats from abroad than multiplying missiles or digging underground.

For what you are doing to foster constructive thinking on foreign policy I send a hearty commendation.

HELEN W. STEERE
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Although they are well known to many, it might be worthwhile to repeat a few figures which indicate the enormous *lethal multiplying effect* of radioactive fallout from a ground burst of a thermonuclear weapon. Let's take a one-megaton weapon to illustrate the point. If you consider the lethal area to personnel from such a weapon just from blast and heat, you have a situation where about seventy per cent of the people would be killed in an area of about thirteen square miles. However, if you consider radioactive fallout from a ground burst of such a weapon and assume a fifteen-mile wind, all unsheltered personnel, people who are not protected by fallout shelters or similar protection, would

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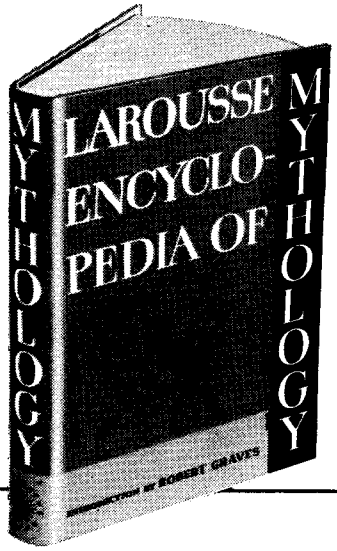

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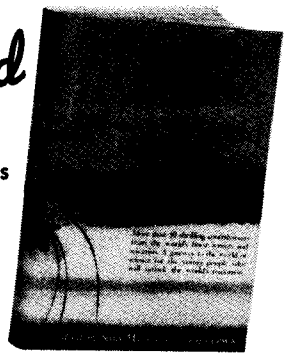

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This does not mean that if we had a nation-wide fallout shelter program we could protect ninety-eight per cent of the people, because we do not have a uniform concentration of population over the entire country. But the area relationship is quite valid for a reasonable assumption of CEP (Circular Error Probability) for first-generation missiles.

A nation-wide fallout-shelter program would substantially eliminate this lethal area-multiplying factor from radioactive fallout, and the people who would be killed would be those unfortunate enough to be in the smaller area (thirteen square miles in the example assumed), where they would be destroyed by heat and blast.

Depending on the assumptions made, e.g., size of the attack which got through, aiming points, CEPs, weapons size, etc., etc., the number of lives that would be saved by a nation-wide fallout-shelter program varies between forty million and one hundred million persons. Although the cost would be high, a reasonable figure is about $250 per life saved.

It seems to me that if we are to present a credible posture to the world, and if we as a nation are to stand firm and meet our obligations throughout the world, including Berlin, we must be in a position to prevent our civilian population from being largely destroyed should we be attacked. This means that we will have to implement as quickly as possible a nation-wide fallout-shelter program.

ROBERT C. SPRAGUE
Chairman of the Board
Sprague Electric Co.
North Adams, Massachusetts

To the Editor: There is no point in surviving two weeks to be faced with the choice of starvation or a fatal dose of radiation.

Adolf Hitler's ghost must be cackling wildly. Two decades of technology have made it possible to bring the furnaces to the people. How marvelously efficient! Peace or holocaust—these are the choices in civil defense *for both sides.*

RAYMOND RYASON
San Anselmo, California

To the Editor: It is inconsistent to build a strong military force and have a civil-defense program that is practically nonexistent.

As a modest first step, the government might allow citizens who build fallout shelters to deduct their cost from income taxes. Free materials for shelters might be provided for those whose taxable incomes are below a certain level.

BEATRICE JENSEN
St. Louis

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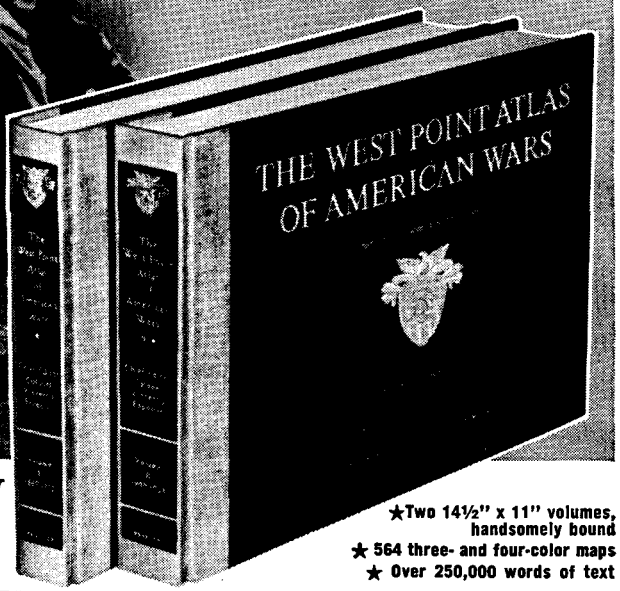

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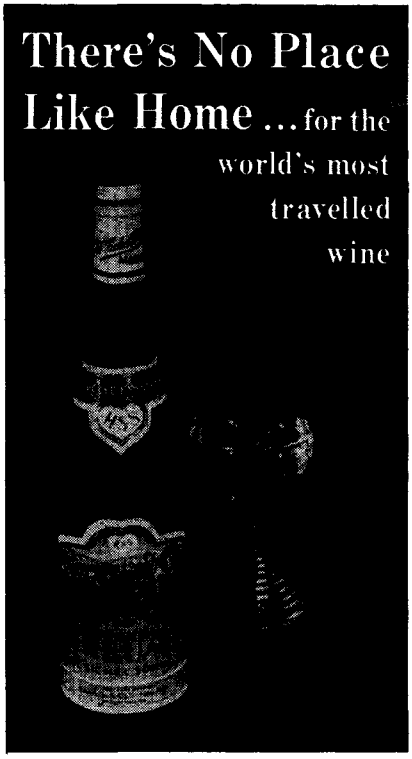

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Dag Hammarskjöld

When the news of his death came, the most amazing thing was the bewildered grief of plain, unsophisticated people who felt that they had lost something very great, very important, although many of them had but a remote idea of what it was exactly they had lost. One could hear it in the streets, in the shops, everywhere: My God, Dag is dead.

And who was Dag? A man with a blissfully short first name, and a nearly unpronounceable family name, whom everybody knew as the man who cared for peace. Now he was dead. He would have liked to be remembered as the man who cared for peace—and let all the rest go. He cared only for peace, only for his job, which was to preserve and bring into being whatever shred of peace this mad world of ours can have. He knew better than anyone else that his was probably an impossible and certainly a man-killing job, but he tackled it with an indomitable soul. He gave all his spiritual energies, which were boundless, to keep some little bit of unity, some token of communication among irreconcilably antagonistic forces.

To this end, he deliberately expressed himself in a vague, sometimes cloudy style, although the natural bent of his mind made him superbly fitted for the trenchant formulation of ideas. He made himself into the nearest possible approximation of a disembodied being, impartial and aloof, although he had few if any equals in his passionate devotion to Christian civilization. To keep the contact open among men of different cultures, to understand them and gain their confidence, he had to act as if he were anonymous. Yet he never pretended, never said anything he did not believe.

For a time this selflessness paid off, and he was able to establish some measure of communication between men as antagonistic as Mao and Eisenhower, Ben-Gurion and Nasser, never reporting to one what he heard from the other but stressing whatever link there might be between them.

For a time, he established relationships of cordiality and perhaps even reciprocal trust with Khrushchev, who in his conception of power is not one bit different from his predecessor and knows that the U.N. has no fighting divisions. But at least Khrushchev never smothered the U.N. with his enthusiastic endorsement, never delegated to the General Assembly the function of deciding the diplomatic conduct of the Soviet Union. In one international crisis after another, it was our government that took the "leave it to Dag" position.

Hammarskjöld knew that the greater the burden of decision thrust upon him, the greater was his—and the U.N.'s—risk. But it simply was not in him to be afraid of anything, and he was ready to face any peril; the clarity of his mind remained undimmed and his capacity to pass judgment on thoughtless friends and cruel enemies remained unblunted.

He kept going, and if there was any despair in him it was shown by the drawn look on his face, not by words he spoke, even to the very few people who had the privilege of his confidence.

He kept going and going for a number of horrid months, never deluding himself and never lying to others, until the plane crashed.

—M.A.

This Was a Honeymoon?

Perhaps the less said the better about the windup of Congress. It ended on a sour note when the House of Representatives abruptly adjourned without letting the Senate know, leaving a number of matters unresolved. For a few furious hours in the early morning of September 27, it looked as if the senators were

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ready to declare war on their colleagues across the Capitol.

There were some people who professed to be highly satisfied with this honeymoon session of the Kennedy administration. Not long before the session ended, Larry O'Brien and Ted Sorensen of the White House staff quietly circulated among reporters a mimeographed summary of the "Legislative Accomplishments of Recent American Presidents." Its tabulation of "major bills approved" gave Roosevelt's first year a total of eleven ("all dealing with one subject: the domestic economy"); Eisenhower, twelve; and Kennedy, thirty-three.

It promptly provoked an uproar. The Republican National Committee, obtaining a copy of the unlabeled memo, distributed it widely with "Propaganda" stamped across the face. An issue of *Battle Line*, the Republican Party's newsletter, was devoted to what it considered this White House effort to "brainwash" the press.

The Republicans can take care of themselves. We are concerned about the gratuitous insult the Kennedy boys handed to Roosevelt, whose achievement is made to appear even less than Eisenhower's. Apparently, the Messrs. Sorensen and O'Brien did not check with their colleague in the White House, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who in his *The Coming of The New Deal* lists not eleven but fifteen pieces of major legislation enacted in the "Hundred Days" Congressional session of 1933.

Comparing the two lists raises questions about what constitutes major legislation. Schlesinger's account includes such items for the New Deal as the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Civilian Conservation Corps, the National Industrial Recovery Act, and the Glass-Steagall Banking Act. The O'Brien-Sorensen "majors" for Kennedy include reducing tourists' customs exemption from $500 to $100, raising the debt ceiling, and boosting research funds for saline water conservation.

There is no need for belittling. A number of serious and sorely needed measures were pushed through Congress this year. It was a cliff hanger session, with many of the critical votes turning on a margin too close for comfort. In housing, minimum wages, area redevelopment, foreign aid, and other fields, the administration leaders could claim that if they had not exactly entered a New Frontier, it was at least a departure from Eisenhower's middle-of-the-roadism.

But any realistic assessment must also take notice of the legislative battles that lie ahead. In education, medical aid to the aged, foreign trade, tax reform, and a host of other difficult areas, the present prospects, it must be reported, are far from bright. If this was the honeymoon, there are certainly some difficult years ahead.

Newburgh, N.Y. (*Continued*)

The city manager of Newburgh, New York, must be fond of chicken à la king. That is the only reason we can think of for his continued appear-

(*Continued on page 20*)

LINES ADDED TO FU HSUAN (died 278)

"Radio Peiping has warned that the population in Sinkiang Province, in northwest China, is threatened by 'a dense and poisonous radioactive fallout' coming from the Soviet Union. . . ."
—New York Herald Tribune

"A gentle wind fans the calm night:
A bright moon shines on the high tower.
A voice whispers, but no one answers when I call:
A shadow stirs, but no one comes when I beckon."

I breathe and poison fills my lungs—
The moon is darkened and a gray rain falls:
A greeting, O my brothers, from our friends.

—SEC

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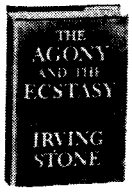

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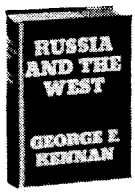

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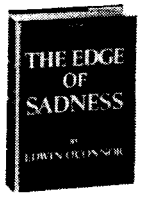

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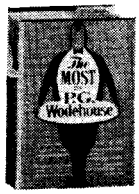

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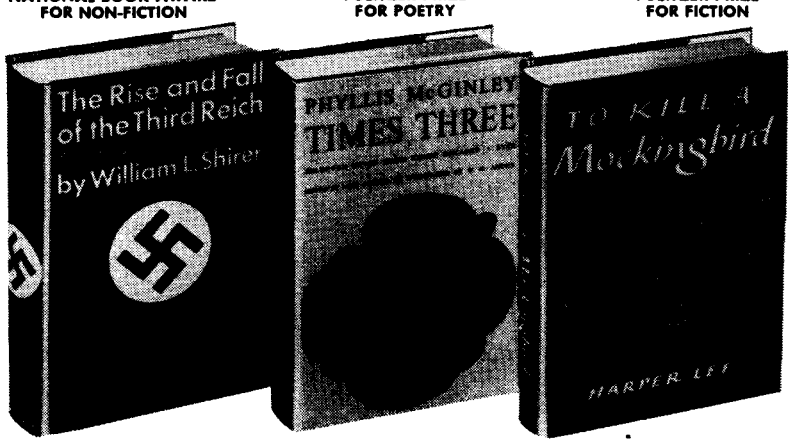

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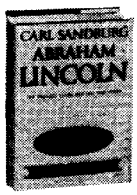

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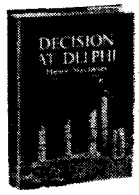

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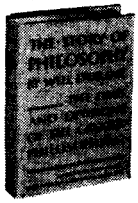

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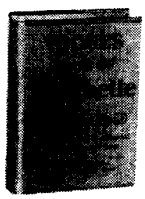

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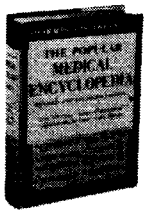

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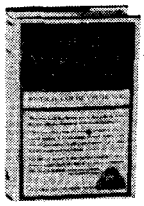

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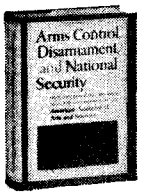

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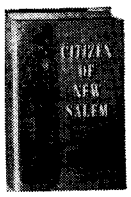

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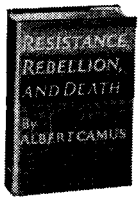

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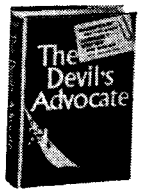

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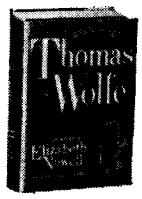

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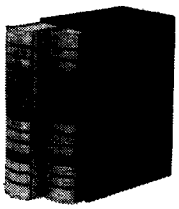

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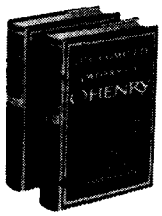

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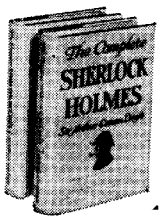

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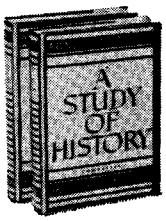

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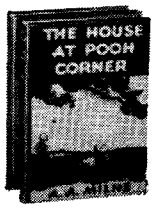

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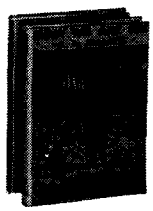

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☆ From a Sung dynasty masterpiece, *Play with Infants:* Two mothers, each with two children, sit in a garden. One child is bathed in a small tub as an older brother watches. A drum and a red ball lie temporarily forgotten on the grass as two other babies reach with outstretched hands toward their mother. A little dog prances in the corner. This scene shimmers faintly in the dark golden brown of a silk scroll painted a thousand years ago, a peaceful moment fixed forever in the beauty of the delicate drawing and the balance of suspended motion. ☆ This is one of the nearly sixty new Christmas cards printed in limited editions under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The cards cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and they can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below together with 25 cents for the illustrated catalogue—which includes Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

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ance before friendly patriotic groups to explain the Newburgh theory of social welfare when in actual fact Newburgh has recently told a court of law that it was only kidding all along. For despite Joseph McD. Mitchell's recurring pronouncements to the Sons of This and the Daughters of That, any true Friend of the Newburgh Revolution would be sadly disappointed to read the city's answer to a state injunction against its widely publicized thirteen-point plan for cutting relief expenditures. Take the original point limiting welfare aid to a three-month period. What Newburgh really meant, the answer explains, is that aid will be terminated after three months "unless it is ascertained at the termination of such three-month periods that it is reasonable and necessary under the law that such relief is further continued. . . ." Will welfare funds actually be denied to women who give birth to an additional illegitimate child? Such mothers (like all the rest receiving welfare in the state) may have to permit an examination of the home environment of the child and if it is found unsuitable, judicial proceedings will be instituted to remove the child to other care. Is it true that in Newburgh an able-bodied welfare applicant will be denied funds unless he accepts any job offered him—without regard to wage, health, or safety standards? Not really. An able-bodied applicant, the answer explains, must accept a job in Newburgh provided that he is "physically fitted for the job, that the job is not hazardous and the salary adequate and reasonable in view of all the facts and circumstances."

When New York State Commissioner of Social Welfare Raymond W. Huston commented that Newburgh's answer to the injunction seemed to represent a considerable backing down, Mitchell replied that anyone who thought so ought to "stick around and watch us." That, as it happens, is exactly what the state has done and intends to continue doing. Since mid-July two state welfare representatives have been installed in the Newburgh welfare department observing every case action taken there. While they have not observed any real alteration in the pattern of public assistance in Newburgh, they have observed a lot of other shenanigans. A boatload of Young Americans for Freedom has sailed up the Hudson to bestow an award on Mitchell in City Hall; a former gym teacher with no welfare training has been appointed welfare commissioner and is understood to be busying himself supervising, among other things, the repainting of the Public Home; and the city manager, having decided that there is a threat against his life, is accompanied by a bodyguard with a gun permit but no gun and has taken to riding around the city in a police car. Some recipients are being photographed for the record, and public addresses on the evils of do-gooders continue.

Since the actual thirteen points have not been put into effect, it is presumably this sort of activity that Mitchell has in mind when he claims that "publicity" given his program has caused a sharp decline in welfare cases. The decline he describes, however, appears to be a seasonal one common to the state as a whole. Three other upstate welfare districts, in fact, have registered a more substantial decrease in caseloads since last winter. If the welfare program does not get underway and if the publicity campaign does not have the desired effect, in all probability disaffected Mitchell supporters will be looking around for another worthy cause. It occurs to us that they might get together and try to determine what the cost has been to Newburgh (and New York State) taxpayers for the hearings, travels, telephone calls, clerical assistance, special supervision, bodyguards, picture taking, and other paraphernalia attendant on the Newburgh hullaballoo—with special attention to the fact that Newburgh has yet to catch a genuine welfare chiseler.

HAVE A PEPYS

"Members of the historic Pepys family said today they pronounced the name 'Pepp-iss,' not 'Peeps'"
—New York Times

Now, prithee! After all these years
Of calling Pepys Peeps,
They tell us to reverse our gears
And call him Peppiss. Crepys!
—SEC

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Harold Lamb is a familiar figure the world over as historian, writer and reconstructor of the ancient and medieval past. His fifteen books include HANNIBAL, CYRUS THE GREAT, GENGHIS KHAN, CHARLEMAGNE and THE CRUSADES.

"El Cid"

by

HAROLD LAMB

No one, ever, was quite like him.

He came out of the provinces beneath the Pyrenees nine hundred years ago to become the invincible champion of his people—it is said that "no foe prevailed against him". Spain, the nation he helped create, made him its hero. Europe wove his story into a deathless legend. Yet we Americans hardly know who he was, much less what he did. Only in the last few years has history made clear the life of this man, Rodrigo de Bivar.

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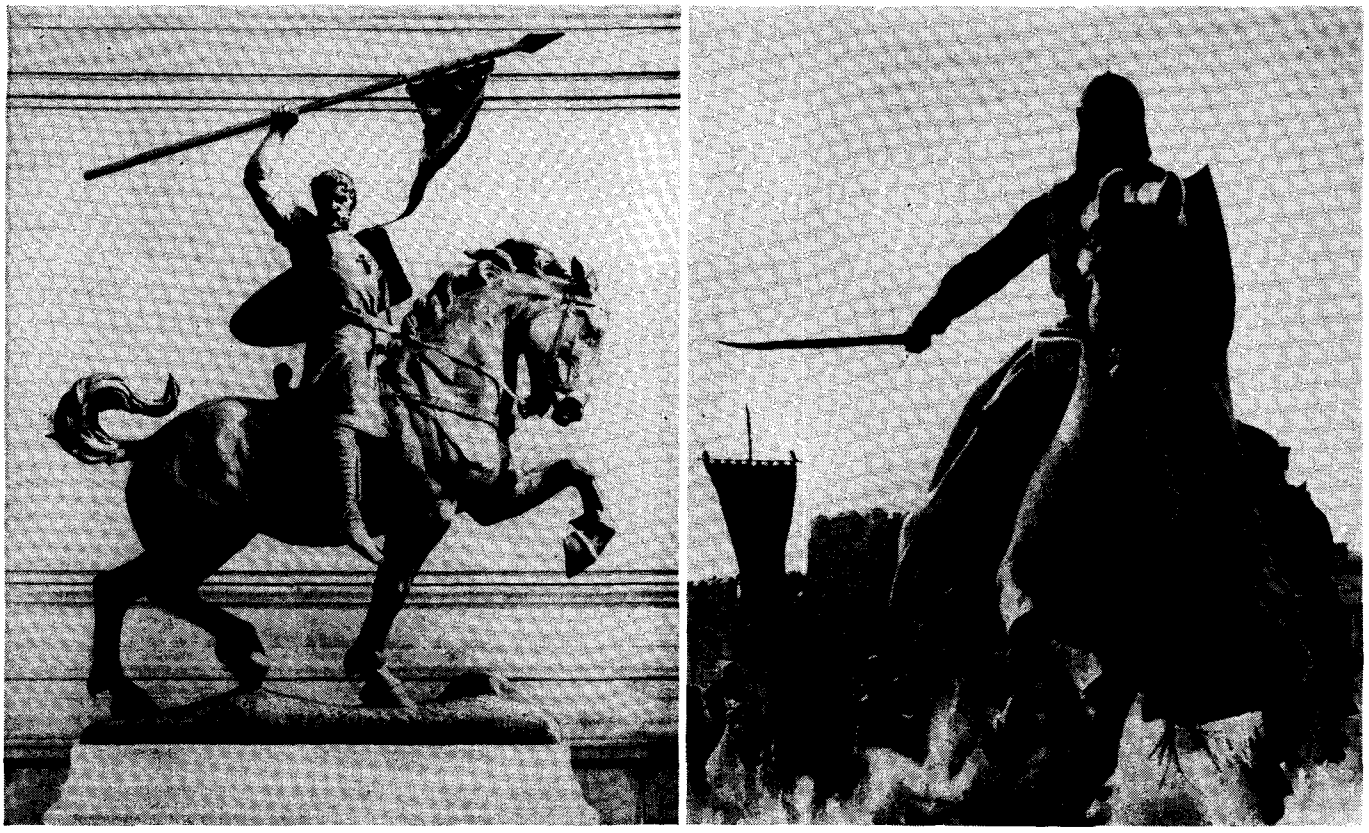

Heroic statue represents the valiant El Cid—and motion picture captures his glory and gallantry.

The times of El Cid Campeador

His enemies named him *El Cid,* which means *The Lord*—from the Arabic *el seid*—and they added Campeador which means victor of the battlefield. So, in the opinion of his foes, he was at the same time a merciful lord and a ruthless fighter. One of them, a Moor, stated: "This man, the scourge of our time, was by his clear-eyed force, his strength of spirit and heroism, a miracle of the miracles of the Almighty."

It was a merciless age. In the land that would be Spain, successive waves of Moslems had thrown the small Christian kingdoms, Leon, Castile, Navarre, Aragon, and others, back against the barrier of the Pyrenees. The land itself was drained by petty conflicts wherein Moslems and Christians alike formed kaleidoscopic patterns of alliances and enmities.

Here, the Cid fought his battle, alone. In his youth,

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he had an odd vision. It seemed to him as if the bloody welter of peoples around him could be brought together in tolerance. And if so, a great nation could be shaped around them. Perhaps ruled by a single Christian king. Unlike Jeanne d'Arc of a later day, Rodrigo knew no name for his nation, nor identity for his king.

PRINT: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Steel engraving depicts El Cid's entry into citadel and this spectacular scene is now recreated.

Life Story of a World Hero

Like a prophet without honor in his own country, El Cid found himself alone in his convictions. Sparing the lives of some captive Moors, he was branded a traitor. Desperate to remove the stigma from his name, he defeated the champion of a rival kingdom in mortal combat and was hailed "Campeador". Still, as champion in arms, persisting in his fight for mutual tolerance, he faced the enmity of his own peers and the hatred of his beloved Lady Chimene.

The malignant envy of his king, Alfonso of Castile, exiled Rodrigo to wander between castles and battlefields of hostile lands. There Lady Chimene, joining him at last, had to be sent from his outcast army. So misfortune came with each attempt of the Cid to follow out his vision. And, exiled from each other, the love of the Cid and Chimene sustained them with the hope of finding somewhere a place of their own, and each other.

Their love story has become a legend.

PRINT: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Fabled romance between El Cid and Lady Chimene comes to life!

Testimony of a song

History tells us that the Cid's dream was realized not long after his death, when the great Christian state of Spain began to form around Toledo with Moorish provinces to the south. While the crusades ebbed and flowed in battle upon the coast of Palestine, Spain protected now from invasion, became a junction between the arts of the cultured Arabs and the seeking of a Europe emerging from monasticism to embark upon discovery.

Almost at once, strange voices gave their testimony to the man, now called a hero, who had held his shield before the people of Spain. The *cantares* sang of him that when the ban of the king was laid upon those aiding him a girl of nine years appeared to guide him on his way; when he hungered, a feast was laid in a cottage home. The songs found a name for his horse, surely a white stallion—*Babieca*—and for his swords—*Tizona* and *Colada*. One was surely a Moslem blade and the other Christian! The songs echoed words of his: "Look ye, all, at the bloodied sword, the sweating steed — in this manner are the Moors overcome on the field of battle!"

Out of the songs rose the *Poema del Mio Cid,* the Poem of My Cid. To lords of manors and cottages alike, he had become *My* Cid. Like the *Song of Roland,* it passed national boundaries. Christian Europe knew him as the warrior who would not accept defeat. As happened upon the morning when the knights at his side were stricken by the sight of the invading Almoravides, their foes, and the Cid said to them, "Do not fear! This is a glorious day." And at the coming of death, he said to them with hope, "Let us go among the people who endure forever."

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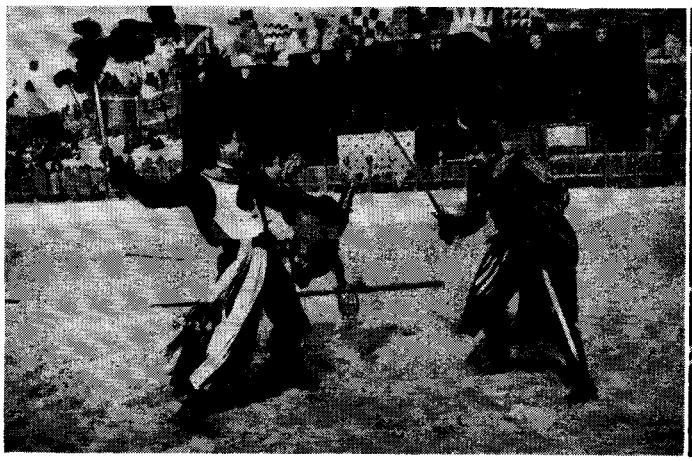
The *Poema* is legend, but it reveals to us the truth, so long obscured by misreading of history, of the vision of the Cid that came to fulfilment only after, and by, his death. The *Poema,* echoing a thousand voices, has made certain that the story of the Cid will endure forever.

Samuel Bronston was the first producer to believe that the stirring human story of the Cid could be filmed. There was no precedent for it, and likewise no understanding on the part of audiences throughout the world of what was being attempted. Bronston, however, had faith that those audiences could be drawn into the world of the Cid, made real. Anthony Mann, director of the great enterprise, was already an eager convert. The story had a way of making converts, perhaps because nothing quite like it had been attempted. Robert Krasker's restless cameras that had revealed the pageantry in *Henry V* and the lovers in *Romeo and Juliet* brought out the lovers and the human conflict in *El Cid* against the backdrop of the armed conflict.

Behind-the-scenes of El Cid.



Star Charlton Heston engages in perilous sword play.

Sophia Loren portrays the lovely Lady Chimene.

To me, after seeing the scenes available in Madrid, the people, Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren and all the others, come alive in their old world setting. Watching them, you are drawn to them and you *feel* for them.

Perhaps because there is nothing familiar in it, this picture gripped me as no other had done.

The country was the stage

Castles in Spain, knights with banners—all become real in the scenes of *El Cid,* leading to the unthinkable climax.

Spain itself contributed to this last appearance of its hero. The bright sun of Spain still sheds a medieval after-glow. Castle backgrounds of *El Cid* are actual survivors of his time, although one cathedral had to be rebuilt. Villagers, still in medieval homes, it seems, found it quite simple to look and behave like their far-off ancestors. So a cavalry charge in *El Cid* looks lifelike, because some seventeen hundred members of the Spanish army did the riding. The black invasion fleet from Africa sails in to the Valencia shore with purpose because it is made up from a fishing fleet of that shore. The skill of the art directors, John Moore and Veniero Colasanti, brought out every vista.

Ranging as they did from coast to coast in the shooting, the makers of *El Cid* have searched out all vestiges of his wanderings. Sight of a roadside shrine, sound of a vespers bell. Swords of the knights were forged in a Toledo foundry; banners and pennants were embroidered in the old patterns by skilled hands of countrywomen. This reality of objects adds to the sense that the whole is real, and that you have been drawn into another age where anything may happen.

The other age

In the eleventh century, a belted knight was no mere fighting machine; he acted also as judge, and protector, or despoiler, of others, as his inclination might be. A country had no vast bureaucracy to govern it; one man, the king, did what he could, with any vassals he could get to help. The Spanish Campeador accepted responsibility for all who joined him—"to be given their bread"—and the burden of defending wounded Spain against the invasion from Africa, while he tried to guide the king who persecuted him.

The Cid took no thought for personal revenge. His victories with the two-handed sword meant nothing unless they brought his vision nearer.

"But if I act with pride—"

So many others looked to the Cid for help that he was forced to act as their ruler, without title. In the deepening crises, his decisions became, as it were, command decisions. People cried out their need of a champion, a just judge, and leader. At Valencia, the Cid

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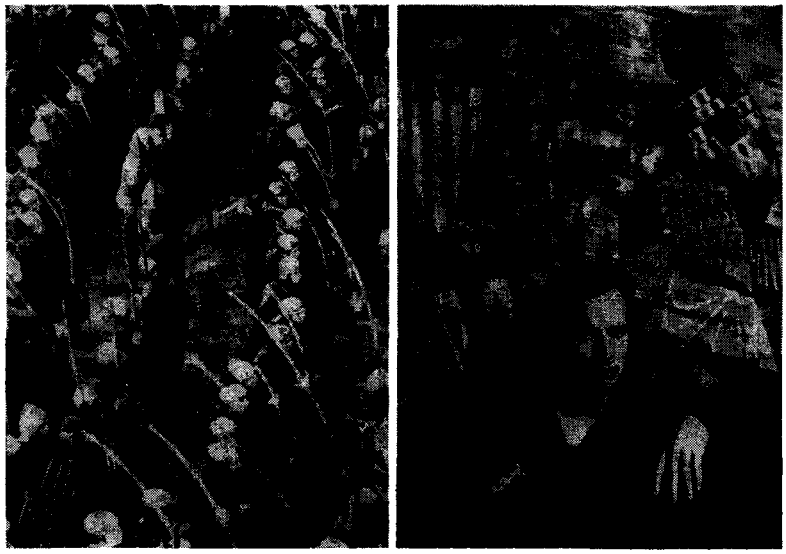
was offered the crown of the kingdom. He refused it.

He was a man who followed his conviction without compromise. He endured defeat, but would not accept defeat. He endured the scorn of the nobility of Castile, exile, persecution, and in the end death. He endured in this manner because he had a blind faith that God would strengthen his hand if he did the right thing.

The Cid was thought to be outcast because he spoke the Arab speech and held to Islamic law as well as Christian. But no man was more devout in his Christian faith. When he rode into the hazard of life in the great tournament, he believed that God and not his sword would decide the matter for him.



Archers of El Cid inspire a dramatic tapestry.

So when he had won the key city of Valencia by guile more than force, he explained: "If I act lawfully, God will leave me Valencia; but if I act with pride and injustice, I know He will take the city away from me."

We live today in an age that avoids personal responsibility. What happens to us we blame on others. In the popular skepticism, our theatre and literature seek reality in the cult of the defeated. Unconsciously, in our malaise of mind, we may be drifting back to the archaic Greek concept that man is powerless before Fate — or superior force.

Nine hundred years ago the Cid dedicated himself to responsibility for all others around him, for his country, and king.

This is no drama of a bygone age. It challenges our own time in its dedication of a man to a selfless task. Through the magic of the screen, in light and sound, the vision of the Cid touches us today.

Thousand-year-old costumes and armor are reproduced with authenticity.

CHARLTON HESTON and SOPHIA LOREN in SAMUEL BRONSTON'S **"EL CID"**

also starring RAF VALLONE · GENEVIEVE PAGE

co-starring JOHN FRASER · GARY RAYMOND · HURD HATFIELD · MASSIMO SERATO and HERBERT LOM

music by MIKLOS ROZSA · written by FREDRIC M. FRANK and PHILIP YORDAN · directed by ANTHONY MANN

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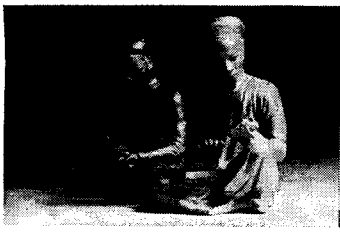

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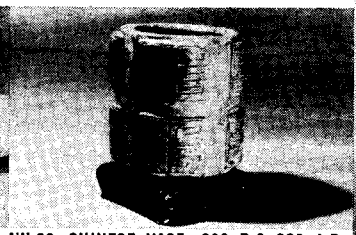

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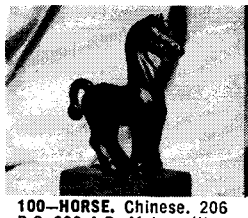

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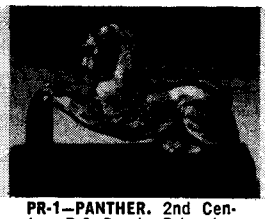

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This 'Red-or-Dead' Nonsense

"What has happened that permits Khrushchev to act as he does? Let me repeat: What has happened that lets him do it? Understand me, please. Not what is he doing. We know that only too well. Our national honor bears the scars and stains of what he is doing now and has done in the past. And he has warned us, arrogantly, of what he intends to do in the future, which is even worse. These things we know. But today—now—why does he feel free to do as he does? Why?"

THIS was said on the floor of the Senate on Thursday, September 21, by Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine. Her own answer to the *why*—the administration's overpublicized reliance on conventional rather than nuclear armaments and on what she called "the stupidity of limited deterrence"—was effectively challenged by Senator Symington and Secretary McNamara. They put up a good case. But I also dare say that these two distinguished public servants would be the first to recognize that the probable inadequacy of Mrs. Smith's answer in no way detracts from the supreme relevance of the question she raised. There are quite a number of us whose days and nights for months have been tortured by that *why*. We must venture our own individual answers, following the example of that truly remarkable woman who once more has put all of us in her debt.

The question is addressed to our government and to ourselves, not to Khrushchev. Too many times, the publicly announced strategic plans or the administration's brave resolves, past and present, have exhausted themselves in verbal formulation. As Henry Kissinger among others, and with more authority than others, has said over and over again, our plans for vigorous action have too frequently lost their credibility: "Our all-out deterrent may work for a while longer *despite* its increasing lack of credibility. But we should consider this a fortunate bonus. To make of ambiguity a principle of conduct is to court disaster." It is not a matter of means but of will: the means are here and they can inflict a horrendous punishment upon the enemy, but the enemy may have come to believe that we lack the will to risk using the means we have.

No wonder that the anguished doubt as to whether or not to meet Communist aggression with the means of warfare at our disposal has spread from policymakers and others professionally concerned with public affairs to the bewildered public in Allied countries. In a segment of this public the crisis of will has shown itself in its most ludicrous forms. Worn-out philosophers and tired liberals, like Bertrand Russell, have done a job of simplification and vulgarization that has gone far beyond the yellowest standard of the yellow press. In Bertrand Russell's judgment, war, practically any kind of war, will inescapably lead to the obliteration of the human race, but it war is avoided by our nonresistance to Communism, "I maintain," he wrote, "that a Communist victory would not be so great a disaster as the extinction of human life." For a few generations, it has been said, it would probably be quite tough: no privacy, no freedom of any sort, just the ant-life of the Communist universal empire. But after all, hasn't the human spirit become inured to such ups and downs with Middle Ages, Renaissances, and all that? Something is bound to turn up sometime. We give Communism all our earthly and spiritual possessions and bank on the resurrection of the spirit. If worse comes to worst, our present civilization will join the Toynbee list of those which have utterly and irrevocably disappeared. But, the Russell people argue, the chances of its disappearance are even greater if we don't accept Communism. Redness seems to be a kind of half-life brightened by a faint ray of hope. Some animals may prefer it to death.

TRUE, not many people in our country have aligned themselves with the British-led "better-Red-than-dead" movement. Yet there has been more

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than enough muttering in this vein, and enough audible talk of not risking our skin for Berlin and those wayward Germans. There is enough of that kind of nonsense in our midst, together with a widespread apathy, for, it is said, if there is nothing we can do about it all, then there is no use worrying. Thus the eternal dilemma of human freedom is reduced to the terms of a planetary Patrick Henry choosing death, or mass enlistment of unresisting guinea pigs in Communist labs. All other alternatives are excluded: any attack on Communism or resistance to Communism will lead to universal death. Some wars may not affect the survival of the human race, but only if they are fought for the liberation of noble colonial peoples. A notion has been spreading around that the major obstacle to universal peace is the seeming determination of our government not to join the brotherly society of the peace-loving nations.

Doesn't all this sound familiar? Haven't we seen him, haven't we heard him frolicking as he talked about our death and our burial and the Communist future awaiting us or our children? Of course, this is the voice of Nikita Khrushchev. It now reaches us through these better-Red-than-dead zealots. And here the *why* of Mrs. Smith comes back with all its impact. Why have we let him go so far? Why have we been so unresistant as to let him choose the targets he wanted, where he knew he would hurt us the most? Why, indeed, has he reached the point of presenting us and the world with the most brazenly fraudulent dilemma: *Your* war—the American war—or *my* peace?

One of the answers is to be found in certain traits of the American character, which perhaps could also be called, considering the deeply liberal traditions of our country, the liberal character. It is a traditionalist attitude which, while broadly tolerant of certain temporary violations of the laws of history, cannot bring itself to conceive that these laws can be abrogated. The law, for instance, according to which every sharp conflict of interest between nations not at war with each other is bound to find, ultimately, its settlement in some kind of peace. True, some American phrasemakers were so brilliant as to call our relationship with Russia a "cold war." The coldness, however, was mostly taken care of by us, for our nation took it upon itself to insulate conflicts, and impose limits on its own interventions whenever it had to repel Communist-armed aggressions or insurrections. From Iran, Greece, and Turkey, to Laos, Vietnam, and Berlin, the list is exceedingly long. Have our liberal publicists learned anything about the aims and means of Communism in this adult-education course of which they have been the beneficiaries?

The insulation of the Communist empire, the discreet guard of its borders, accompanied by the silent acceptance of its permanency, and by an equally silent guarantee not to interfere with what was happening inside—all these jobs were quietly but willingly taken on by our country. There was fear in many quarters of our government when Hungary revolted, and presumably one of the reasons why the administration did not lift a finger against East Germany when the wall was erected may have been the dread that any action on our part against that wretched government might have risked succeeding.

The policy of containment was actually never abandoned, not by the Eisenhower and not by the Kennedy administrations. For a time, it was pursued behind a barrage of high-sounding slogans, like "massive retaliation," "rollback," and the like, accompanied by the expectation of events that we might have liked to see happen, but *manana*. Certainly on some indefinite tomorrow, things couldn't help happening—things like a mellowing of tyranny through economic well-being, or some spontaneous rollback that we would never be caught helping along. All this was based on the silent acceptance of the status quo, and on shy wishes for a mellowing inside the Soviet empire so that relations with us could at long last become normal, or near normal. Aren't there laws of history that guarantee or at least predict happy mutations inside tyrannical regimes?

Lately our administration, still devoted to gentle containment, has become rather nostalgic for the good old days when there was some civility in the Soviet's restless aggressiveness. Still, there are people in high places of government and in the editorial offices of major newspapers who maintain that we should not complain too much about Khrushchev's blustering antics. Considering the ugly trends in the Communist world, we should be glad that there is still dear old Nikita in command who, in his own rambunctious way, does some containing for us and prevents other and worse things from happening.

YET KHRUSHCHEV has gone very, very far. Of late he is no longer satisfied with our discreet silence about his empire and the use he makes of it. He wants the formal underwriting by us of his

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present and future expansionist drives. He has said as much to any number of distinguished American and European visitors. He wants from us the recognition of what he has, with a built-in multiplier of indefinite accretion. Actually, he said as much when he was in our midst: that the future belongs to Communism, although he has no intentions of spoiling what will one day be his by using means of indiscriminate destruction. More than ever it is *our* war or *his* peace, and he is willing to lend us some temporary measure of peace at usurers' rates. He does not want anything more than the title deed on us and on what we have.

Can we blame Khrushchev for having gone so far? Up to now, we have taken all his bullying and his threats on the assumption that he doesn't want war any more than we do, and therefore, if there is not to be war, there should be some kind of peace, laboriously reached through negotiations. This newest among peoples, the Americans, are a highly traditionalist breed. A number of us have said it over and over again but with little success: the nature, the inner drive, and the inner weakness of the Soviet system, together with the means of destruction which the Soviets as well as we have at our disposal, make it improbable, if not altogether unlikely, that we shall have either war or peace. In other words, the same degree of truth there is in the oft-repeated statement that war is inconceivable—while we must always ready ourselves for it—is to be found in the notions of peace and negotiation. For an indefinite period of time, we can have at best improbable imitations or facsimiles of all three: war, peace, and negotiation. We know more or less what war, with all the means of destruction freely used by both sides, would be like. The peace the Communists strive for is one they can reach—not, as they say, by catching up with us but by catching us.

They have one advantage over us: a precise conception of peace that, far from being theoretical, is minutely embodied in the merciless order they have imposed on a third of the human race. The subject peoples cannot possibly have any relief from the unrelenting discipline that controls their life, their work, and their dreams. All choices and decisions are made for them. Those miserable peoples who have already known so much suffering are told by their master that we intend to wage war on them but that better days are coming when, according to a predetermined timetable, we will either join their ranks or be compelled to work for them. About the feeling of those peoples we know very little, aside from the fact that a Pasternak worked and died for them, and that there are still hundreds of East Germans who choose to risk death rather than remain among the Reds.

My own answer to Mrs. Smith's *why* is that we have been exceedingly clumsy and conventional in our conception of war, peace, and negotiation with Russia. All three of them can only be tentative approximations to the real thing and we, as well as the Russians, can only play at them. But if we act quickly and firmly when the Communists do something like the walling of Berlin, then they will not just stop; they will fall back. The evil which is in them, and which they have wrought upon so many human beings, works in such a way that they must constantly be on the move—forward or backward.

Much more than Marxism makes for the inhumanity of their system and their drive toward world conquest. They cannot tolerate freedom or prosperity at their borders; and to gain the goods, the services, the choices that civilization provides in the most advanced countries they must dominate those countries by isolating them from their allies and sterilizing their freedom. The first on the list, of course, is West Germany; the last but by no means the least is us. This is the newest and most infamous form of colonialism.

For a long time to come, negotiations cannot help being as improbable as war and peace. We know what it means to negotiate with the Communists—on Indo-China, on Laos, on test bans, to mention only a few. The very few that succeeded, like the one on the Berlin blockade and the Austrian treaty, took an excruciatingly long time: eight long years in the case of Austria. Moreover, the negotiations that are in prospect now are on a matter of life and death for us. If we negotiate away Berlin and Germany, that would make NATO negotiable. It is to be assumed that our administration's leaders do not consider the survival of our nation as negotiable.

FAILURE of negotiations, no matter how much the Russians may try to bully us and how much pressure the so-called neutrals may exert on us, by no stretch of the imagination means war. Rather the opposite is true: the more negotiations on issues of life and death turn out to be inconclusive, the more manageable become the negotiations we can undertake with comparative expectation of success —until the day when, it is to be hoped with our assistance, Russian rulers come to power with whom it will be possible to coexist, and negotiate.

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The New Shape of French Politics

ANDRÉ FONTAINE

PARIS

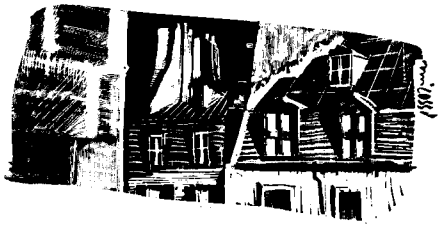
NEARLY EVERY SUNDAY there is an election somewhere in France. It may be to choose a municipal council, to replace a member of the departmental general council, even to send a deputy to the National Assembly. Looking at the list of candidates and their political affiliations, reading what the Monday newspapers say about the results, one could easily believe that nothing has changed in France and that the government is still the same sort of parliamentary democracy it was back in the Third Republic.

It is, of course, perfectly true that general elections take place at regularly prescribed intervals. The special powers assumed by President de Gaulle last April, under Article XVI of the Constitution of his Fifth Republic, did not prevent the people from choosing some new departmental assemblies in June. They went to the polls the same day Kennedy met Khrushchev in Vienna —and the French newspapers gave ten times more space to the elections.

Specialists in the sociology of French elections have pointed out that there is a certain unchanging continuity in French political behavior. Of course, in many places a Communist is elected now where thirty years ago a Socialist would have won—a Socialist who would have succeeded a Radical. But all through those thirty years the parties themselves were changing. The Radical who once frightened the respectable people in town became a substantial citizen himself, and with the passage of time the Socialist, too, has changed from red to a rather pale pink. Candidates and doctrines may change, but election districts have been voting Right or voting Left, with no appreciable amounts of variation, ever since universal suffrage was introduced in 1848. The balance has been so constant that some erudite souls have even tried to establish a relationship between the composition of the soil in a given electoral district and the way that district votes.

YET FRANCE is not the same. In recent elections it has become clear that French political behavior is undergoing a profound and disturbing change. When de Gaulle organized his two referendums—the first to ratify the new constitution, the second to endorse self-determination for Algeria—seventy-five per cent of the population voted. But in last summer's parliamentary, regional, and local elections, the percentage fell to fifty and in some areas to forty per cent.

This massive abstentionism affected all political parties to more or less the same degree. Quite often the parties won or lost by the same



percentages they had obtained in previous elections—although there may have been one-third fewer voters. The fact that the powers and influence of the National Assembly have been lessened is not enough to explain the public's lack of interest, since the turnout was not greater in elections for municipal or departmental councils, whose functions and powers have not been changed by the new régime. Moreover, although the National Assembly and the Senate have lost most of their powers, a deputy or a senator is still of great importance to his constituents, as their lobbyist and advocate in their dealings with all government agencies.

The real reason for the loss of interest in voting must be sought in the essential decadence of the political parties themselves. The events of 1958 revealed this decadence to everyone. The referendum that followed the revolt of May 13 was less a plebiscite for de Gaulle than it was a final dismissal of the politicians, who had proved to be both foolish and impotent in the hour of crisis. Of course politicians and parties still exist. What they do and say, the stands they take at their conventions, are still given headlines in the newspapers. Foreign embassies still send home dispatches analyzing the opinions of Mollet or Pinay or Mendès-France. De Gaulle's cabinet still includes ministers from the Popular Republican, Independent, and Radical Parties. The Communist Party still commands the allegiance of tens of thousands of more or less militant workers, and so does the Socialist Party. And there are two new parties: the U.N.R. (Union for the New Republic), made up of the most ardent Gaullists, and the P.S.U. (Unified Socialist Party), which split off from the left wing of the Socialists. The M.R.P. (Popular Republican Movement) still controls numerous municipalities in Brittany, Alsace, and the Alps.

There are many parties in France, but they now play almost no role in the affairs of state.

The Threat of Violence

At some time in the future, the parties—in spite of their faults, their parochialism, and their greed—may once again occupy an important place in the government of France. In critical times the French traditionally turn to a great man to save them; afterward they go back to the old ways, however unglamorous, if only to seek a new savior as soon as democracy fails to fulfill its mission. But that day has not yet come. Every attempt to restore prestige to the political parties or to the parliament in which they find expression has

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failed so far. Even when Jacques Chaban-Delmas himself, the president of the National Assembly and a fervent Gaullist from the start, publicly deplored the constant diminution of the role played by the two houses of parliament, his complaint was hardly noticed by the general public. In the long run, however, there must be some intermediary mechanism between the people and the power of the state—even when that power is in the hands of "the greatest Frenchman of them all." In a democracy, the citizen must have a way to express his opinions and make his aspirations known other than by taking part in a referendum once a year or by cheering de Gaulle when he tours the provinces, or by reading opposition newspapers—whose vitality, incidentally, remains the most convincing proof that the Fifth Republic is no dictatorship. When the citizen cannot make himself heard by casting his ballot, he is strongly tempted to have recourse to other forms of action, specifically to violence.

Violence has never been entirely absent from French politics. From 1789 to 1871 France went through a record number of revolutions. It was by fighting in the streets that the working classes won the right to strike and the right to organize. Two presidents of the Third Republic were assassinated. After the anarchists and the nationalists in the early years of the century came the Communists and the fascists in the period between the two wars. If the reactionaries had had anything like a real leader when they rioted on February 6, 1934, they could easily have overthrown the republic; two years later the Popular Front broke with legality when its adherents occupied factories and plants; more than once the Spanish Civil War came close to spreading north of the Pyrenees—and as a tragic subplot to the Second World War, thousands of Frenchmen were killed in the course of a bitter civil war.

But there is a different kind of frustration behind the present onrush of violence. Before the Algerian war broke out, people of every political opinion in metropolitan France had come to agree that their political differences could be settled through the ballot box; across the Mediterranean, however, two political forces organized for direct action. F.L.N. terrorism was soon matched by the counterterrorism of the European inhabitants of Algeria, determined to maintain their supremacy and to force Paris to assure it. Each time a French government showed the slightest signs of yielding to Arab nationalism, the Algerian French showed that they were increasingly determined to use every possible means of resistance. On February 6, 1956, Guy Mollet, at the head of a "Republican Front" government that had been put into power with a mandate to bring peace to Algeria, capitulated in the face of street riots in Algiers. Two years later, Premier Félix Gaillard's government fell when it was learned that he had accepted British and American mediation in a quarrel with Tunisia; the *colons* feared that similar mediation would be sought in the Algerian conflict. In his speech accepting the premiership, Gaillard's successor, Pierre Pflimlin, imprudently referred to the possibility of negotiating with the enemy, whereupon the French in Algeria rose against him and forced him out—and the Fourth Republic with him.

Slowly, patiently, using all his great powers of political maneuver, de Gaulle set out along the same path, and went further than anyone had gone before him. Consequently, in January, 1960, the die-hards of Algiers rose against him, too. They failed, although de Gaulle made no serious attempt to apprehend the leaders of the resistance. He was heartened, however, by this first victory. After saying that he would never negotiate with the F.L.N. until the latter "checked their knives in the cloakroom," he opened talks with the rebels at the ministerial level, although the fighting was still going on. Then came the Algerian uprising of last April 23, and once again de Gaulle won out. Some of the rebel leaders were arrested, tried, and condemned, but the "colonels," the very core of the rebellion, managed to escape; so did General Raoul Salan, that strange man who only a short while before had miraculously avoided death in a rightist attempt to murder him. The "colonels" and Salan obviously have accomplices in the army and in the police; they continue to bomb liberal leaders; they distribute thousands of tracts and posters; they cover the walls with "warnings to traitors." Their "Secret Army Organization" (O.A.S.) uses all the F.L.N. methods: it organizes the European population of Algeria into resistance groups; it trains and arms troops; and it obtains the funds it needs by extortion from industrialists, businessmen, farmers, and professional people throughout Algeria. It does this on the principle that since the French government has finally yielded to the F.L.N., there is no reason why it should not yield and come to terms with the O.A.S.—unless of course a new rebellion, set off by the O.A.S., should succeed where previous ones have failed.

A Lesson from Algeria

The idea of violence is contagious. It spreads rapidly into every area of public life when people realize that it pays to resort to violence and that there is no other way of being listened to. Apparently this is what the French farmers have come to feel. So far, they have stopped short of bombing and assassination, but they have stopped trains, blocked main roads for hours, invaded and occupied subprefectures, and hanged Premier Michel Debré in effigy—a man who is guilty of nothing more than carrying out de Gaulle's decisions.

Peasant unrest is not entirely a novelty. The whole history of France is filled with the tales of the uprisings and *Jacqueries* of men no longer able to bear poverty and hunger. Of course, today's direct political action by French farmers is very different, since the psychological and social characteristics of French agriculture have been completely transformed; farm production has undergone a technological revolution, and the farmer of today is in no way like the peasant of the past. Just after the Second World War, one French government after another urged agricultural producers to modernize their methods. Farmers were given extensive credits to purchase agricultural machinery and thus increase production. These efforts brought results: before the war there

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were thirty-five thousand tractors in France; today there are more than seven hundred thousand. But the farmers have had to go into debt to buy these new tractors while the enormous crop increase has brought prices down.

In other times, farmers would have been able to express their discontent in a parliament where they have always enjoyed strong representation. But the traditional organization of rural France—with its nobles, its notables, and its old-fashioned clergy—has collapsed under the pressures of the twentieth century. A new generation of farmers is taking over both the farms and farm politics, a generation inspired by a new type of priest, the chaplains of the Christian Agricultural Youth. These new men want to improve the lot of an entire social class that in many areas, especially Brittany, has never known the blessings of running water, much less electricity, and is forced to live at a level far below that enjoyed in the cities. At the present time, twenty-two per cent of the French population lives off the land; these people get only twelve per cent of the national income, and a few hundred big industrial farmers take a large share of that.

The Algerian war has made the situation far worse. Hundreds of thousands of young farmers have done their term of military service in Algeria, and they have come home with a bitter new knowledge: In Algeria they had seen the F.L.N. force the French government through violence and terror to recognize the existence of extreme poverty in Algeria and to propose a remedy in the Constantine Plan, which calls for an investment of hundreds of millions of francs. A slogan one sees painted on the walls of many towns in Brittany sums up the new farmers' feelings: "Algeria + *fellaghas* = the Constantine Plan; Brittany + loyalty = zero."

It is hardly surprising then that some enterprising young farmers have set up a clandestine organization, with an elaborate communications system, that can mobilize great numbers of farmers at a moment's notice before the police have any inkling about what's going on. Nor is it surprising that the farmers have obtained results: after the government had proclaimed that it would not yield to them, it has been forced to grant them at least part of what it had been refusing for years. "That gives the measure of the Fifth Republic," a farmer told *L'Express*. "It is a government of technocrats, bureaucrats, and pen-pushers who think they know everything and will not listen to the professional organizations. How can we fight their idiocy? We can bang on the table. We do bang on the table. It pays."

It's Contagious

Thus more and more people are turning to direct action—first the Algerian Moslems, then the Algerian *colons*, and now the farmers at home. The first two groups have used terror; the third has turned to violence, too, but without any shedding of blood so far. It would be unrealistic to suppose that the use of violence will be restricted to those three groups when so many people have reason to complain. French teachers threatened to stop giving examinations before they could bring the government to keep at least some of the promises it had already made to them. No one denies that their grievances are justified. Since the war, the average number of students has doubled because of the rising birth rate; there are not enough classrooms; and there are not enough teachers because the salaries the state offers cannot match those of private industry.

But the drama is only at its beginning. Like Americans, the French are having more and more children. In the last fifteen years France's population has gone up by three million. Within the next five years, the number of young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty will rise from 2.7 million to more than four million. Even this year, seventy-five thousand pupils could not be given technical instruction simply because there was no room for them in the technical schools. From 1936 to 1960, the number of students in all schools of higher education rose from 73,000 to 206,000; it is estimated that there will be 475,000 of them in 1970. No one knows where to put them or who there will be to teach them. Already six or seven hundred students are frequently packed into lecture halls that were meant to hold one hundred. The government that manages to find the funds to enhance the grandeur of France and—to be fair, much against its will—sinks hundreds of millions each year in the Algerian war, counts its sous when it comes to providing its young people with facilities for university training—without which the nation will certainly lose its grandeur.

Under these conditions, how can anyone be surprised that the university students, backed by many of their professors and by almost all public-school teachers, are actively opposing the government? The National Union of French Students, formerly apolitical, is now one of the most active and enterprising forces of the Left. Most of these young people have to serve twenty-seven months in Algeria. This blocks their way to normal studies and normal careers. A few hundred of them have taken up residence abroad in order to avoid military service. Some have even gone so far as to give active support to the F.L.N., convinced that the F.L.N. represents Algeria's future and that it is only by supporting it today that one can further whatever hopes France may have of living with the Algeria of tomorrow.

UP TO NOW, the working classes have remained relatively calm. France's rapid economic advance, de Gaulle's popularity, and the generally spineless conduct of the Communists in the May 13, 1958, *coup d'état* have weakened the influence of the trade unions. Labor conflicts have been limited to certain specific objectives; workers have been busy seeking maximum wages in their particular field without caring too much about what happened to labor as a whole. But because the government, influenced by the great commercial banks, has permitted corporation profits to rise far more rapidly than wages, labor's attitude is changing. The transport workers were the first to show the change; short but effective strikes against public utilities have been responsible for most of the shutdowns this year. In the first six months of 1961, more hours were lost than in all of 1960. This spring, Paris was without public

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transportation on several occasions.

There are signs that this unrest is spreading. The workers are bitter over the fact that de Gaulle did not deign to give them any sign of gratitude after they rallied to back him against the Algerian rebel generals in April. Most of them have supported the régime because they hoped that it would bring peace in Algeria. When negotiations with the F.L.N. broke down, their disappointment was great.

Too Great a Distance

De Gaulle remains popular. In case of a new threat either from within France or from the outside, he can still count on having most of the people behind him. He is "the man of tempests." But between the storms he tends to let things go their own way. Superb when it comes to winning battles, he remains almost wholly aloof from day-to-day affairs. The great majority of citizens, however, cannot afford to be indifferent in the face of the endless practical difficulties of daily existence in France today. It is for this reason that in a country that calls itself a democracy, there must be some way the citizens can make themselves heard. Where no such means exist, every citizen, according to his particular temperament, is sorely tempted to use strikes, roadblocks, or even bombs. Up to now there has been no serious indication that all these diverse grievances will converge to make one mighty rebellion. If a new uprising is attempted in Algeria—one has been rumored for the near future and indeed is being openly prepared by Salan and the "colonels"—it will be a "lost hope" rebellion, supported by a mere handful of officers, convinced that only a totalitarian régime is strong enough to guard the West against Marxism, and it will break up against the active or passive resistance of the great majority of Frenchmen. But its chances of success will increase if the government refuses to establish a genuine dialogue with the people of France and continues to robe itself in haughty isolation. Moreover, the army—confronted with the decomposition of a state that for the last fifteen years has committed it to a series of hopeless wars, and observing almost everywhere new examples of direct action—will be sorely tempted to replace de Gaulle before he finally comes around to arranging for his own succession. Defeat and humiliation have shaken the army, but there is no doubt it has retained the force and unity necessary to impose its harsh rule on the nation any time it chooses. With what purpose, for how long, and with what final results, no one can predict. Men who take it upon themselves to write a chapter of history rarely consider what the next chapter will be.

De Gaulle can avoid such a lamentable conclusion to his life's work if he will only work to establish a dialogue once again between the people and their government. It is not enough to give speeches on television and radio; even his triumphant travels through the country are not enough. France cannot survive as a democracy without the essential links between the people and their government. Neither the parties nor the legislatures would seem capable at the present time of serving this purpose. But perhaps in the new forces—farmer, worker, student, and even military—that are beginning to organize themselves in the midst of today's ferment and agitation, it might be possible to discover responsible elements that could convey to the government an understanding of the needs of the people they represent while at the same time conveying to the people an understanding of their duty to the nation.

The End Of the Adenauer Era

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

AUGUST 13, "Gloomy Sunday" in Berlin, cost Konrad Adenauer and his Christian Democrats more than four million votes in the recent West German elections. It broke the administration's absolute majority and made the formation of a coalition all but imperative. Regardless of what form the coalition takes, regardless even of whether "the Old Man" manages to stay on as chancellor for a time, August 13 marked the end of the Adenauer Era in German history.

The only surprising thing about the West German elections was the absolute lack of surprises. Three major public-opinion institutes in West Germany predicted the results for each of the three major parties to within two per cent. Two public-opinion researchers from the University of Cologne who sat in a tabulating center on election night predicted the outcome with startling accuracy the moment the first returns were in. They were well within one per cent of the results: Christian Democrats, 45.2 per cent; Social Democrats, 36.3 per cent; Free Democrats, 12.7 per cent. What would have seemed surprising before August 13—a reversal of the tendency toward a two-party system and the emergence of a third major party, the Free Democrats—was taken for granted after the blow had fallen. Even now, very few Germans know or care who Dr. Erich Mende, the leader of the Free Democratic Party, is. The F.D.P. got the benefits of a "plague on both your houses" reaction from two million voters who were alienated by Adenauer's conduct in response to the sealing off of East Berlin but who could not bring themselves to vote for the Social Democrats.

THE GREAT MAJORITY of Germans are right in associating Adenauer with Allied policy in Germany. "No one," writes Marion Countes Doenhoff in the weekly newspaper *Die Zeit,* "will forget Adenauer's great services. They are entered in the book of history for all time. Franco-German reconciliation is indissolubly connected with his name; he it was who contributed decisively to the laying of a foundation for

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United Europe. He was also the man who won trust for Germany from a world deeply mistrustful of us."

Article 7, Paragraph 2 of the treaty which was signed by the Allies and West Germany and went into effect in 1955 says: "Until conclusion of a peace treaty, the signatory states will co-operate in order to achieve by peaceful means their common goal: a reunified Germany possessing a free, democratic constitution similar to that of the Federal Republic and integrated into the European community."

On the face of it, even in 1955, these two goals—reunification of Germany and integration of a reunified Germany into the European community—were mutually exclusive. The only thing that reconciled the two goals, the one consideration that saved the solemn Allied pledge of reunification from being a derisive fiction, a sop thrown to trusting Germans, was the Allies' assumption that the Soviets would sooner or later be obliged to come to terms with them on Germany. This assumption was based on the expectation that the East German Communist régime would never be able to stabilize itself. The assumption was valid as long as Berlin remained an open city guaranteed by the four-power statute, for the principal reason that the East German Communist régime could not stabilize itself was its progressive loss of population through the refugee flow from East to West Germany via Berlin. Hence Allied policy in Germany as a whole rested ultimately on the four-power statute for Berlin. This is the basic significance of August 13: when the Communists sealed off East Berlin by a military coup and physically stopped the refugee flow, they destroyed the four-power statute at one blow and knocked Allied policy in Germany into a cocked hat.

Because of the crucial reunification issue, Allied policy in Germany could not be separated from the four-power statute. Neither Adenauer nor the western Allied leaders seem to have realized this cardinal fact; or if they did, they refused to take the risk of using force to restore the status quo and re-establish the integrity of the city. A vote against Adenauer was basically a protest against the bankruptcy of Allied policy in Germany as effected and demonstrated by the the East German Communists on August 13. Specifically, the sealing off of East Berlin with Allied acquiescence made the reunification of Germany in our time totally unrealistic—at any rate on anything like the Allies' terms.

Before August 13, Konrad Adenauer had always been inflexible in his foreign policy and just as inflexibly right. Since the tables were turned, he has been consistently wrong for the same reason. Always true to the alliance, when the blow fell he rushed back to confer with western Allied ambassadors in Bonn and went on to deny his presence to Berlin for seven full days thereafter. His conduct in general tended to confirm the underlying suspicion that the old Rhinelander never really cared about Prussian Berlin. It was not Adenauer's fault that his chief rival candidate for the chancellorship and the governing mayor of Berlin happened to be one and the same man, Willy Brandt. But Adenauer should have taken the coincidence into account. His instructions to his party not to play up the Berlin issue lest it redound to the advantage of his political opponent were in strange contradiction to his personal pot shots at Brandt, with Berlin directly in the line of fire. In the end, his conduct of the campaign made him look like a party politician when a statesman was called for. Still, he might well have succeeded if his platform had had a solid foundation. As a statesman Adenauer stood and fell with Allied policy in Germany.

THE AFTERMATH of the elections was also accurately predicted. Adenauer's first attempt to form a coalition with the Free Democrats was blocked by Erich Mende's categorical refusal to accept *"der Alte"* as a coalition chancellor. When Adenauer did an about-face and turned to his archenemies, the Social Democrats, they replied by demanding that Adenauer first provide them with a briefing on the international situation "and problems that press upon us." The same confusion was signified in another way by a member of the Free Democratic Party in Bonn recently. "We cannot be expected to take a position on Allied policy for Germany," he said, "until we know what it is."

"This much is clear," said an Allied official in Bonn. "There will be negotiations with the Soviet Union on Germany in the fairly near future. These negotiations will involve concessions by the West to the Soviets. The main question is whether these concessions will be made at the expense of Berlin or at the expense of West Germany and the alliance." The present indications are that West Germany will bear the brunt. This, at least, is the gist of some controversial remarks made by General Lucius D. Clay in Berlin recently. In musing conversationally over Germany's future, the general said that it would be necessary to accept the fact that there are two Germanys and that the goal of reunification would perhaps best be served in five years' time if the West Germans dealt with the East Germans.

On the following day, Clay explained that he had not used the word "dealt" to mean "negotiate." He had simply meant that West Germany ought to keep the lines of communication open with East Germany and that discussions might take place at the present technical interzonal level. But the damage had been done. It was compounded by certain voices from Washington prophesying concessions. The West German holdover government and press reacted violently, reminding the Allies that they were bound by contractual agreement with West Germany to pursue the goal of reunification on the original terms. This insistence on application of terms no longer valid reveals the German agony. "We cannot believe," declared the *Berliner Morgenpost,* "that our Allies can entertain the thought that a freely elected German government should recognize *de facto* a man named Ulbricht who has brutally driven sixteen million Germans into a concentration camp. We cannot believe that Ulbricht's hoodlums, who shoot down refugees like wild rabbits, should ever be granted control of civil air traffic to and from Berlin."

A little imagination might have helped. But it is doubtful that Konrad Adenauer, great and honorable as he is, possesses that kind of imagination.

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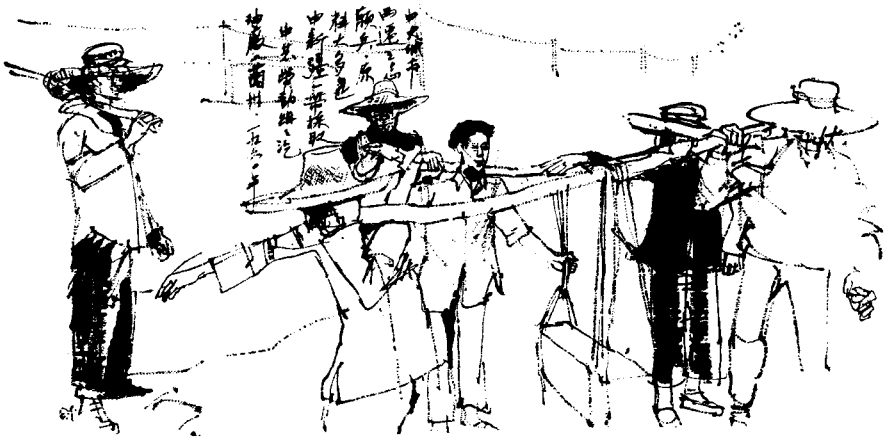

The Dragon Treads Lightly: Peking's New Line

H. F. SCHURMANN

HONG KONG

ABOUT A YEAR AGO the leaders of Communist China were finally compelled to recognize an economic crisis that had been developing for some time, particularly in agriculture. Early in November, when it was apparent that the 1960 crop would be an even worse disaster than that of 1959, Peking announced far-reaching concessions to the peasants —specifically, further decentralization of the communes. In December, after the Chinese delegation had returned from the eighty-one-nation gathering of Communist Party leaders in Moscow, a crucial meeting of the politburo was held. At this point, it was decided to abandon nearly all of the pressure methods that had been used to hasten the social and economic development of the country. In retrospect, it appears that the timing of the politburo decision may have been significant.

Before leaving for Moscow the Chinese delegates were already well aware of the gravity of their economic difficulties, and knew that their partners in the Communist bloc were aware of it too. Trade with China had become increasingly less desirable, aggravated by consumer resistance in Eastern Europe to many Chinese products and by a growing inability on China's part to continue large-scale export of food commodities. In Moscow, one more thing became completely clear to the Chinese: the more advanced Communist nations were not going to come to China's rescue. In the face of this grim reality, the régime not only embarked on a new course in domestic affairs but also began to pull back on the international front.

THE GRAVEST ASPECT of China's economic crisis is the food situation. Still, as a number of local Chinese researchers on mainland conditions admit, general starvation has been avoided through an equitable distribution of food and perhaps a dip into reserves. No one has enough, but no one seems to starve. Very recent refugees report a slight easing of the food situation.

But food is not the only problem China faces. For instance, reports from the mainland constantly speak of materials shortages. An article by the minister of communications in the *People's Daily* admitted difficulties in the transport system. The obsession with quantitative increases in production seems to have led to a drastic decline in quality. It seems that much of the steel made in small "backyard" plants was totally useless. In general, the constant emphasis nowadays on improvement in quality points to shoddiness in many other industrial fields.

In its economic development, China seems to be in a position comparable to that of Russia in the early 1930's. Stalin had initiated sudden and massive collectivization, and then was forced to pull back again. Russia got through the crisis, but at a frightful cost of death by starvation. So far, as well as we can judge, there are no rows of corpses in the streets and fields of China. We cannot predict how China will get through the present crisis, but it is clear that the régime has moved radically to cope with it. Yet even during the worst moments last winter and spring, there were not and could not be any signs of revolt. Sensational reports circulating in Hong Kong about peasant riots and guerrilla bases in Kiangsi are utterly without confirmation. Rather, all the evidence so far indicates that the instruments of control —party, army, bureaucracy—are firmly in the hands of the régime. All the refugees I have talked to speak of the inconceivability of revolt.

Of Cadres and Peasants

Rather than the threat of revolt, the main concern of the régime seems to be mass apathy. For a long time, in order to produce and sustain a continuing wave of revolutionary enthusiasm, the Chinese Communists have employed a variety of methods for indoctrinating groups and individuals. Mass movements, study groups, and self-criticism have been standard means of eliciting ideological response from cadres in particular and from the population as a whole. In contrast to Stalin's approach to the same problem, the Chinese Communist leaders have constantly emphasized the need for mass support. The excessive physical and psychic demands made on the population during the period of the "Great Leap Forward" have not been compensated for by any visible rewards, and the result has been a reaction of general exhaustion and apathy. All of the past year's policy

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changes reveal the deep concern of the régime over this situation.

The changes on the internal front announced last November coincided with reports that Peking was ready to retreat from some of the extreme positions it had taken during the Sino-Soviet ideological quarrel. An authoritative article in *Red Flag* on Volume IV of Mao Tse-tung's selected works—the new primer for organizational leadership—contained what seemed to be a hastily appended paragraph admitting that revolution is nonexportable, that revolution cannot be brought about by wars, and that each people must determine the nature of its revolution.

THE DECISIONS as to further decentralization of the communes that were made early in November constituted as yet only what might be called a "partial retreat" in a direction that had already been generally accepted. For all practical purposes, it meant a return to a village-based agricultural system. Not the large production brigade, which had been the organizational framework for the collective village economy, but the smallest group was to be the important unit of operations. No longer were men, animals, and equipment to be allocated here and there according to the arbitrary calculations of commune cadres. The peasants were guaranteed "rights of usage" for both land and implements. This was a tacit recognition by the régime that the policy of sudden and total reorganization of the village economy had failed. But the régime still insisted that leadership must be provided by party activists, except that they would now operate at the lowest levels rather than in commune headquarters directing the fight for production like a minor military campaign.

The decisions on a "full retreat" were apparently made after the Moscow Conference. The régime decided not only to curtail investment in capital construction and heavy industry and to concentrate all efforts on agriculture and light industry but also, for the moment, to surrender the manipulative approach. The communiqué of the Ninth Plenum announced that a "rectification" movement was already in progress. Kwangtung newspapers reaching Hong Kong revealed in considerable detail the extent of the rectification. The commune cadres were denounced in mass meetings as a special elite, as men alienated from their social origins, as ruthless militarist types operating through orders and not persuasion.

The criticism contained an increasing number of positive references to "old peasants" and "old-time cadres," rich in experience and knowledge. The new line for the party activists was to "consult" with the old peasants rather than to "lead the masses."

Though many of the cadres shared the simple life of the masses, their fanatical puritanism and moralizing aroused extreme discontent. With a renewed emphasis on "expertness" and less insistence on "Redness," the régime seems to be undertaking a program of transforming these young activists into administrators. Radio programs and newspaper articles report the setting up of special training classes to instruct the cadres in technical subjects such as statistics. Little is heard of the old "transfer down"—*hsiafang*—movements by

which countless cadres were sent to the front lines of production to assume leadership of work teams. Now it is the specialist who takes command, and in the villages he is of course the "old peasant."

AS THE YEAR 1961 rolled on, it became more and more apparent how far-reaching were the concessions to the peasantry. Peasants were again urged to cultivate their "family economies." Special rural markets were organized to facilitate exchange of village for urban goods "at fair prices." Less and less was said of the mess halls as people once again were able to eat their meals in their own homes. Everywhere there have been discussions as to how equitable work and wage systems could be established. In short, it has become clear that the doctrinaire approach has been abandoned for a cautious pragmatism. "All must proceed through experimentation" was the headline of one editorial. The emphasis now seems to be on "adapting to local conditions." Many refugees report that work hours have been reduced, particularly at night. Political indoctrination, the bane of an exhausted peasant's existence, has been sharply reduced. Private peasant initiative is again encouraged, although occasionally voices of alarm over the "small freedoms" are heard.

Above Party

If the crisis has convinced the régime that it must finally find out what actually exists on the land, it has been accompanied by a definite "return to planning." The excessive decentralization of planning functions in 1957 was apparently a major factor in the present economic imbalance. Various articles on industry I have seen in *Red Flag* clearly indicate that the practice during the Great Leap Forward of "setting, smashing, resetting" of targets is to end. Managerial staffs are once more being strengthened. Careful production planning and operational rules are again emphasized. In fact, organizational policy has shifted from "democracy"—which for the Chinese Communists has meant party-led mass mobilization—to "centralism," management from the top down under the control of competent administrators and technicians. There has been a perceptible diminution of emphasis on the party. There is new talk about a united front. Nonparty cadres are being welcomed back into the fold again.

The subdued observance of the fortieth anniversary of the Chinese Communist Party had nothing to do with a supposed new rift between Russia and China, but rather reflected the new domestic line. Army Day on August 1 was also celebrated very quietly. The return to planning and centralism seems also to be reflected in the new regulations on

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"soldier education." Formal leadership by officers is once more in vogue, in contrast to a few years ago when Chinese Communist "democracy" insisted on periodic role exchanges between officers and men.

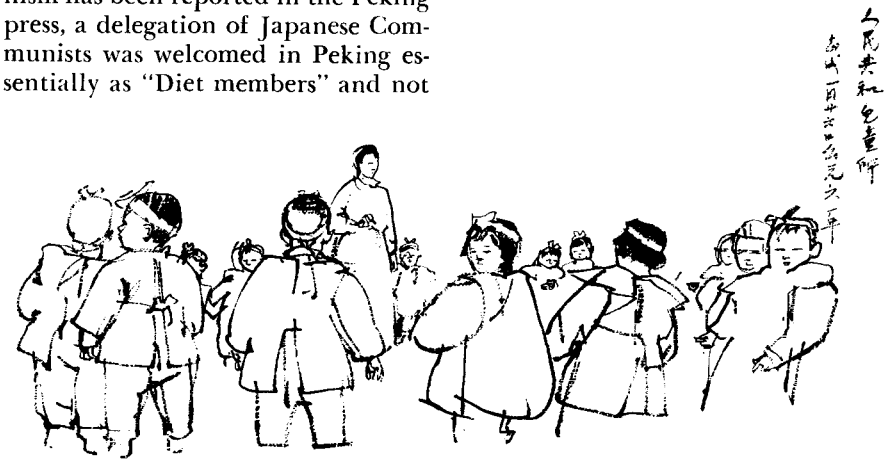
THE REGIME is again making cautious approaches to China's stubborn intellectuals. The explosion of criticism in May, 1957, came first and foremost from China's most talented young people. A decline in educational standards has been reported by all student refugees here in Hong Kong. There were undoubtedly great quantitative increases in education, but quality dropped. Now a new line has been announced, cautiously and carefully like everything else. "A school is after all a school," one party secretary in a university admitted. Students must have time to "digest" learning. There are now all sorts of conferences on technical subjects at which intellectuals are urged to speak their minds. The old slogan "Despise the Old and Emphasize the New" has been discreetly forgotten; there is new interest in the traditional history and culture of an ancient land. Educational reform is talked about, particularly improvements in course work. Old scholars who had been shoved into the background are being urged to speak up again.

There are two fundamental aspects to the new line. First, there is renewed emphasis on technical competence, on rational and orderly operations. Second, the policy of organizational and manipulative pressure on the population has been shelved. Material rewards and incentives are stressed, and the régime clearly hopes for a new initiative on the part of the population. The theme of sacrifice is played down, while modest and more realistic promises are being made about the improvement of living conditions.

Taking a Back Seat

The Chinese Communists have also changed their attitude on the international front. In 1958 communization was accompanied by the Quemoy-Matsu crisis. In 1959, the Tibetan revolt was followed by a breakdown in "brotherly relations" with India. In 1960, the Chinese Communists spoke menacingly of the inevitability of war in their ideological quarrel with the Soviet Union. This year, the tone of caution and pragmatism evident in their internal policies is equally evident in their external policies. The ideological quarrels with Russia have disappeared from the press. Instead, the unbreakable bonds of Sino-Soviet friendship are stressed again and again. Poland, last year almost never mentioned, is spoken of once again as a friendly socialist brother nation. Despite continuing support for Albania, the strident tone has all but gone out of the expressions of admiration. With the exception of one curious *Red Flag* article, the attacks on Yugoslavia seem to have all but disappeared. Attempts are being made to cultivate friendship with Japan, and dozens of Japanese delegations have been passing through Hong Kong en route to Peking.

There are strong indications that the Chinese are not pressing their earlier interference in the affairs of foreign Communist Parties. Though the deep split in Japanese Communism has been reported in the Peking press, a delegation of Japanese Communists was welcomed in Peking essentially as "Diet members" and not as party men, as formerly. The dominant roles at the North Vietnamese and Mongolian party congresses were played by the Russians, and even the Poles seemed to outshine the Chinese at the latter.



Cautious attempts are apparently being made to improve relations with India, and in Laos there have been no reliable reports of Chinese military interference, only Russian and North Vietnamese. A border agreement has been signed with Burma, and one is being negotiated with Nepal.

Even the Communist attitude toward Taiwan has changed rather remarkably. The official press now speaks of "the local Taiwan authorities," implying that the Taipei government is properly acting as the local guardian of Chinese interests.

WHAT DOES ALL this mean? All that can be said for sure is that the tone of caution evident in internal policy seems matched by a similar tone of caution in this year's foreign policy. In my own opinion, the one thing that preoccupies the Peking leaders above all is the internal crisis. At the moment there are no signs that that crisis has been solved. The coming winter and spring months may see continuing food shortages. No substantial aid from the Communist bloc is in prospect. In fact, Soviet industrial exports to China are declining. With so much foreign exchange already spent on grain, little is left for the importation of needed industrial commodities. China is thrown back on its own human and material resources at a time when earlier policies have produced massive waste and confusion. In foreign policy, the signs seem to indicate that the Chinese have agreed, at least for the present, to let the Russians do the talking.

It is important to realize, however, that China's present caution is a product of the régime's apprehension, just as the bellicosity of earlier years was a product of premature confidence. If that confidence should re-emerge, let us say with the successful weathering of the crisis or a nuclear breakthrough, then a more aggressive policy could certainly be expected.

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The Fight for Rice In Divided Vietnam

JERRY A. ROSE

SAIGON

IN MANY WAYS Vietnam has always been a divided country. "Here in the south," a local lawyer once told me, "you throw rice on the untilled land, and the rice grows. In the north, you must nurse each seedling along on your hands and knees. In the south, as a result, the people have become placid like a pond in summer. In the north, the people are like a fire when the wind blows."

The observation offers a key to what is now happening up north in Ho Chi Minh's Communist state, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam: rice is a problem, and so are the people. The second problem proceeds in large measure from the first.

In the years before 1954, when Vietnam was divided along the 17th parallel, the Tonkinese in the north imported from the south between 200,000 and 400,000 tons of rice a year. In 1945, when the rice crop failed down here in the rich Mekong Delta, southerners grew lean, but some 1.5 million northerners died of famine. Thus, when the country was divided, Ho Chi Minh had one huge problem to face immediately: without southern rice, where would he get enough food?

The answer to the problem posed by the facts of climate and geography was sought in Communist theory. It was decided that traditional farming methods must be quickly replaced by collective efficiency. But first Ho decided to redistribute land and give each peasant a due share—before it was taken back by the state. Unfortunately, the land reform did not go over well with the Tonkinese peasant. If he owned even a small plot, he was labeled a "bourgeois landowner" and it was taken from him to be given to someone else. In 1956 there was a series of peasant uprisings and Ho took the familiar one step backward. He fired the chief secretary of the Lao Dong (Workers) Party for "misclassifying" and proceeded more slowly and cautiously in redistribution.

By 1958 the land program was going more smoothly, and Ho was able to begin setting up co-operative farms. By the middle of 1959, twenty-five per cent of the peasants were in co-operatives; by the end of the year, forty-five per cent were incorporated, and in 1960 the figure rose to seventy-two per cent. Today about eighty-eight per cent of the peasants—who make up ninety per cent of the total population—are included in Ho's ambitious agricultural program. Of the forty thousand co-operatives he has set up, some thirty-six thousand are of the "lower type"—units averaging less than seventy families. On these farms the peasant, at least until very recently, retained a share of the harvest proportionate to his land "contribution." The "higher type" co-operatives encompass about two hundred families; these are factorylike establishments where no individual claims are valid except on pots, pans, and clothing.

Growing Pains

With this huge number of people in co-operatives, why wasn't the agricultural situation improving? Part of the reason was simply that the peasants were not co-operating. Or, if they were, it was with each other against the state. *Nhan Dan* ("The People"), one of the main party organs, has warned peasants against "unitism"—sticking together against the state.

"A great number of peasant families," *Nhan Dan* discovered last January, "have tried to hide paddy, to waste paddy, and not to sell paddy to the state stock, and so forth. This is becoming quite popular." By July the news was worse: "A number of peasants, dazzled by immediate returns, have given up production to engage in trade." Since each peasant is constantly under the eyes of his neighbors, the practice of selling the co-operatives' produce can only mean that there is honor among these particular thieves and, what's more, that the thieves are numerous.

But not all the blame for the co-operatives' failure can be placed on the defiance of the peasants. A good part is due to the government, as even officials are compelled to admit. "Peasants cannot get in the harvest," said *Nhan Dan* last spring, "because their tools are of poor quality or the workers don't know how to use them." There is not enough seed. Fertilizer is lacking; the fall crop needed 13.5 million tons of it, but according to published reports earlier in the season there was a shortage of eleven million tons. Moreover, irrigation systems do not work during droughts, and dams are washed out during floods.

It's all just a question of "growing pains," Ho recently explained to a special session of the central com-

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mittee of the Lao Dong Party. "We unanimously note," he went on, "that the co-operative movement is, generally speaking, good. At the same time, we also see that it has shortcomings that must be remedied. These are shortcomings in the process of development. It is like a child who grows too quickly: his clothes made this month may become tight in the following month." Since Communist leaders are not noted for exaggerating their mistakes, the remarks would seem to indicate a more or less desperate situation.

Ho went on to say: "Once our peasants have been imbued with the spirit of the resolution of the Central Committee, no doubt they will be very enthusiatic and there will be a big change in food production."

In the meantime, people are hungry. They are asking, "Why is life worse today than it was before the revolution?" (The quote is from *Hoc Tap,* another party newspaper.) The facts of climate and geography have not been changed by the most earnest application of Communist theory. The soil simply does not respond. There have been droughts (we read about "tens of thousands of peasants carrying water in rudimentary bamboo buckets" to irrigate the land) and floods ("people working against the clock to bail out water" to save the drowning rice seedlings). And on top of all this, there has been bad management.

The Only Solution?

The failure has been a massive one. In 1958, the government predicted a 1960 rice production of 7.6 million tons—a sixty-one per cent increase over the actual production of 1956. In April, 1960, the estimate was suddenly readjusted to 5.5 million tons, which would still have been quite satisfactory. The harvest turned out to be 4.2 million tons—a decrease over the last four years. At one point earlier this year, the Communist leaders proudly announced that the rice harvest had risen to an average of 1.7 tons per hectare. The announcement did not mention that the previous four-year average was 2.2 tons per hectare.

The same story has been repeated over and over again. The 1958 prediction for corn was 280,000 tons by 1960; actual production in 1960 was 198,000 tons, while in 1956 it had been 258,000 tons. For sweet potatoes, the government predicted 910,000 tons; the 1960 production turned out to be 557,000 tons, while in 1956, 1,062,000 tons had been produced. Cows and oxen have dropped from 906,000 head in 1957 to 845,000 in 1960.

Even if the government's own figures showing a slight increase in total food production are to be believed, they do not come close to matching the increase in population. And yet rice is still exported (550,000 tons in 1960) simply because something has to be done to pay the price of industrialization. But the stock of rice, the gold of Asia, is almost depleted in North Vietnam, and the outlook for the fall crop has been anything but encouraging. The Vietnamese News Agency announced in mid-August that planting had been delayed; in some areas only thirty per cent of the normal planting had been done. When planting is delayed, the seedlings wither. Moreover, thousands of acres suffered drought "because of the failure to pay attention to preserving canals, floodgates, and dams."

To meet the emergency, the central committee of the Lao Dong Party met late in July and drew up a resolution called "Development of Agriculture Under the First Five-Year Plan." Co-operatives must be consolidated, it was decided, into the larger units of two hundred families. More land must be brought under cultivation. Over-all food production must rise about thirty-six per cent. Rice production must rise forty per cent from 1960 to 1965. There is little reason to believe that these hopeful predictions will turn out to be any more accurate than the earlier ones did.

WHERE, then, will the Communist leaders of North Vietnam get enough rice to prevent famine—and rebellion? "From the south," a government official has declared categorically. And indeed, that may be the most realistic agricultural plan the northerners have developed so far.

At the moment, there appears to be a military build-up in the north. With Laos open for free Communist passage, movement from north to south has been greatly facilitated. The big question is whether Ho Chi Minh will try to grab part of the October rice harvest in the fertile Mekong Delta. His need is desperate.

How Money Can Make Or Break Our Cities

JANE JACOBS

URBAN-RENEWAL LAWS, both Federal and state, are based on certain widely accepted theories about what causes the decline of city neighborhoods and the formation of slums. Most of the reasoning followed among city planners for decades is demonstrably invalid. In New York, for instance, Greenwich Village "ought" to be a slum and Morningside Heights "ought" to be a huge success. Just as striking as the nonsense that the urban-renewal law contains are the matters it leaves unmentioned, such as credit blacklisting. This practice is one of the chief reasons why slums form and also why so few slums, once formed, are able to improve themselves even when the people who live in them are both capable of improving their conditions and eager to do so.

Blacklisting shuts off the most important kind of housing money: the conventional credit extended by nongovernmental lenders, principally savings-and-loan associations, mutual savings banks, life-insurance companies, commercial banks, and some pension funds. Although these institutions do not publicize the fact, they map cities into areas in which they will either invest or not invest.

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The decision is almost always unanimous. All large American cities—and many small cities too—have areas blacklisted for investment in this fashion. The practice is one of the most destructive forces at work in our cities; it leads almost inevitably to unnecessary stagnation or to unbridled slum exploitation.

CREDIT BLACKLISTING is impersonal. It operates not against persons as such or even against buildings as such, but against neighborhoods. For example, a merchant in New York's blacklisted East Harlem, not able to get a $15,000 loan for expanding and modernizing his successful business there, had no difficulty in raising $30,000 to build a house in a Long Island suburb.

The motives of lenders in deciding to blacklist a district are not villainous. They are merely applying lessons they have learned from the city-planning theories of the 1930's, which aimed, among other things, at starving out dense city districts and nourishing suburbs. Blacklist maps came in at the same time as slum-clearance maps, and the two are usually identical both in conception and in results. Indeed, one of the objects of the planners' slum-clearance maps is to warn investors not to invest in certain areas. Sometimes the lenders anticipate the planners. In either case, it is decided that such and such a place is becoming a slum. Its future, insofar as it is considered at all, is projected in terms of the most widely accepted remedy for slums: eventual erasure after a period of further decline.

Credit-blacklist maps, like slum-clearance maps, are thus prophecies. And they are accurate for the simple reason that they are self-fulfilling prophecies. If no money is available to improve a neighborhood, if people there can improve their situation only by leaving, decline is all but inevitable.

Slums That Fought Back

Few areas, once blacklisted, manage to escape their doom. The only district, so far as I know, that met the problem head-on and forced reversal of the decree is the Back-of-the-Yards district in Chicago. This area used to be a notorious slum, the familiar hodgepodge of weather-beaten buildings that is generally recognized as an obvious candidate for the bulldozers. Residents applying for jobs outside the district used to give false addresses. But most of the men worked in the stockyards, and during the 1930's the district and its people became deeply involved in unionizing the packing plants. Extending the mood of militancy, a number of able men started an experiment in local organization. Called the Back-of-the-Yards Council, it came to operate much as a government does. Policies are set by a kind of legislature of two hundred elected representatives, which has a good deal more power than most formal citizens' organizations, both for carrying out public services of its own and for making its will known to the municipal government. The district's ability to get from City Hall the municipal services, facilities, regulations, and exceptions to regulations it needs is regarded with awe throughout Chicago.

In the interval between the formation of the council and the early 1950's, many of the people in the district graduated into skilled industrial, white-collar, or professional jobs. According to most city-planning theorists, the next move at this stage should have been a mass emigration to the suburbs. The abandoned district should thereupon have been filled by a new wave of slum dwellers.

But the Back-of-the-Yards people wanted to stay—as is often the case in such neighborhoods. The existing institutions, especially the churches, wanted them to stay. At the same time, thousands of residents also wanted to improve their homes beyond the small amount of remodeling or refurnishing already accomplished. They were no longer compelled to be slum dwellers and they did not wish to live as if they were.

The two desires—to stay and to improve—seemed incompatible. The Back-of-the-Yards had been blacklisted for mortgage credit. But in this case a local organization was both smart enough and powerful enough to find a way out of the trap. A survey by the council revealed that businesses, residents, and institutions in the district had deposits in some thirty of Chicago's savings-and-loan associations and savings banks. It was agreed that these depositors would be prepared to withdraw their deposits simultaneously if lending institutions continued to blacklist the district.

On July 2, 1953, representatives of the banks and the savings-and-loan associations were invited to a meeting. The mortgage problem of the district was presented and discussed amicably. Certain polite remarks were made about the numbers of depositors in the district and the size of their deposits. Before the meeting was over, several of the lenders promised to give favorable consideration to requests for loans. The same day, the council began negotiating for a site for forty-nine new dwellings. The most squalid row of slum apartments was equipped with indoor plumbing and modernized in other ways by means of a $90,000 loan. Within three years, some five thousand houses had been rehabilitated by their owners. In 1959, construction of several small apartment houses was begun. The residents are pleased and proud of the progress their district has made with the banks' interest and co-operation, and the bankers, in their turn, speak admiringly of the area as a location for sound investment. Nobody was thrown out of the district and "relocated." In short, the process of decay has been arrested and reversed.

The North End of Boston is an example of a blacklisted neighborhood that has managed to stave off disaster by another kind of resource. For thirty years, the largest conventional mortgage loans made in the North End have been for $3,000, and even those have been rare. The most affluent suburb could

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hardly have held up over such a period under such terms. The North End has managed as well as it has only because many of its residents happen to be in the building trades. They have given or bartered their services so that much of the improvement or extensive repairs has cost only the price of the materials, which had to be financed out of savings. These methods, however, cannot be stretched to cover the financing of new construction. In the North End, cut off from mortgage credit, businessmen or landlords must have cash in hand to finance even improvements that will quickly justify themselves by bringing in more income.

UNLESS a neighborhood possesses both extraordinary vitality and a good deal of luck, the lack of conventional mortgage money makes further deterioration inevitable. There is no way of telling the full extent of destruction wrought by blacklisting, but it is enormous. The lower East Side of New York, an area of great potential—at least as great a potential as Greenwich Village—was thus doomed. The Society Hill district in Philadelphia, where vast sums of public urban-renewal money are now being spent, steadily lost residents and would-be residents for decades because of the impossibility of getting legitimate loans to buy or to improve property. Blacklisting doomed East Harlem in New York, which in 1937 seemed at least as likely as Boston's North End to be able to hold a deeply attached population, many of whom were moving economically into the middle class. Much of Brooklyn lies under the pall. Nearly all neighborhoods that possess any appreciable Negro population, in all Northern cities, are automatically blacklisted for conventional mortgage credit.

Money from the Shadows

Blacklisting does not necessarily mean that an area is cut off from all types of building investment. Stagnant or decaying areas that are losing the very residents who might help bring improvement often undergo a special form of investment upheaval.

There are three separate and distinct kinds of money used to finance city building these days. And as the money goes, so go our cities. When conventional mortgages are not available, a second kind of financing often appears out of a kind of financial underworld. The sources of this money are usually mysterious, its paths devious. Interest rates for this sort of capital start at about twenty per cent and range as high as the market will bear, in some cases up to eighty per cent in combination with arrangers' fees. Those who provide this money are, in effect, the loan sharks of the real-estate world.

Immense opportunities are opened to this shadow-world money in areas where conventional mortgage credit has been halted. The exploitative money is used to buy up property for which there are no other purchasers or purchase money, and presumably never will be. The buildings quickly become slums. First comes the withdrawal of all conventional money; then unscrupulous moneylenders move in to underwrite complete ruin. This sequence is familiar in most of our large cities and seems to be taken for granted.

At the point of complete ruin, a third kind of money for city building investment is often provided by government, either out of tax receipts or through governmental borrowing power. Housing projects underwritten by Federal or state governments are financed by this third kind of money; so are the subsidies for land clearance that make possible privately financed redevelopment and urban-renewal projects. In addition, the Federal government will guarantee as much as ninety per cent of the residential mortgages given by conventional lenders, provided the investment conforms to the standards set by the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency. The object is to buy up land and buildings and prepare the way either for public housing projects or for private renewal projects. In the latter case, the government money prepares the way for re-entry of conventional investment and partially subsidizes it.

In addition, however, this governmental money also prepares the way for further extensions of shadow-world investment. Blanket use of the powers of eminent domain often brings handsome profits to slum landlords because of the fact that the earning power of a building is one of the factors taken into account in setting a condemnation award. The most exploited buildings can be, and often are, the ones that bring the largest profits. Their owners then can use their gains to buy more property than they formerly had, in new localities that they promptly convert into new slums. In New York, some of these unscrupulous investors take not only their money but also their former tenants with them to a new location, thereby helping the city solve the "relocation" problem. Slum shifting has its own efficiencies.

ALL THREE kinds of money—conventional, shadow-world, and governmental—are typically involved in debacles of city decay and upheaval. The whole cycle, destructive as it is, is the logical outcome of what logical men can do when they let themselves be guided by the axioms of conventional city planning.

Theories as well as laws determine the ways in which money is invested. First comes the image of what we want, then the machinery is adapted to turn out that image. The kind of investment programs we have today are the direct result of city-planning theories which have idealized ruthless and oversimplified changes and which have written off as irrelevant most of the possibilities of gradual change and adaptation. Money is being spent to please the planners rather than the people who live in our cities. But if and when we decide that a lively, richly diversified city capable of continual growth and improvement is desirable, then surely we shall be able to adjust the financial machinery to get what we want.

It is all too easy to blame the decay of our cities on traffic, or immigrants, or the whimsies of the middle class. The decay of our cities goes deeper. It goes right down to our ignorance about how cities are built. The ways in which real-estate capital is used—or is withheld from use—are powerful instruments. Money can make a city, or destroy it.

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Feuding and Complacency Within, Hoffa at the Gates

What's Wrong in the House of Labor?

ROBERT BENDINER

Of the more imposing piles of marble, tile, and cool green glass erected in the city of Washington since the Second World War, at least a dozen are the luxurious headquarters of trade unions, each the capitol of a labor satrapy that is proud to spend millions of dollars in membership dues on such visible proofs of wealth and status. Sharing a Sixteenth Street block with the elegant Carlton Hotel and its ground floor with a large firm of stockbrokers, for example, is the Hod Carriers Union. Out of consideration for the Carlton's management it tactfully agrees to call the structure the Moreschi Building, after its president, but the fact remains that the Hod Carriers have arrived. From the most important of these seats of government, George Meany, erstwhile plumber and now president of the AFL-CIO, daily walks just the distance required to enter his large limousine, which, complete with uniformed chauffeur, is provided by the merged federation. To a colleague who once proposed walking to a hotel three minutes away, President Meany replied with the simplicity that is his hallmark, "What the hell do you think I have a Cadillac for?"

Yet at this moment, when at least the business agents of the meek seem to have inherited the earth, the American trade-union movement is on the downgrade, its spirits low, its operations static, its horizons narrow, its public image dismal, and its forces engaged in precisely the kind of family feuding that preceded the *splitting of the old* AFL *in the* days of William Green. The difference is that where the stodginess of the AFL was challenged in 1935 by the drive and vision of industrial unions in the making, the dispirited federation today is challenged only by Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters, an organization that has plenty of drive but no more vision than it takes to provide a home away from jail for such laboring men as Johnny Dio and Tony "Ducks" Corallo.

Is there a connection between surplus fat in high places and the lethargy that has come over the federated house of labor? Walter Reuther, whose moral fervor has not faded since he ran up a seven-year record of perfect Sunday-school attendance in his youth, suggests outright cause and effect. "The AFL-CIO code of ethics was adopted in the roulette room of the Monte Carlo Hotel in Miami Beach," he says with evangelical scorn, "and in February, at the height of the season, at that. That's what's wrong with labor."

Much more is wrong, of course, as Reuther, for one, can explain colorfully and at length—just as Hoffa's future status in the labor movement is far more complicated a question than whether sin will win over outraged virtue.

To understand Hoffa's growing power, to appreciate the excellent chance he has of forcing his way back into the federation that expelled his union for corruption in 1957, requires only a glimpse inside the fortress he expects to storm. The scene suggests nothing so much as an assembly of old-time Chinese war lords sucked into an alliance that was painfully inevitable at the time and has been inevitably painful ever since. That confirmed old maverick John L. Lewis called the turn six years ago, when the AFL and the CIO merged their fortunes. They were united, he said, by "a rope of sand."

Even if the alliance were not torn by jurisdictional feuding—and it is torn almost to the point of paralysis—it would be creaking under the strain of holding together those labor leaders who believe in more bread and butter plus a few social platitudes and those who want labor to be the vanguard of enlightenment and reform from here to Tibet.

On the surface the latter group, mostly from the old CIO, has about given up. The merged federation's political, social, and economic policies are geared to the lowest common denominator, and there is no question that the body as a whole is much more conservative than the hosts that followed Lewis in the 1930's, Philip Murray in the 1940's, and Reuther in the 1950's. Resolutions still pour forth at conventions, but they are perfunctory compromises, watered down in advance to avoid debate and to arouse no alarm in the most Republican member of the Building Trades. Pro-labor congressmen complain that except when strictly trade-union matters are at issue, they have to call up union headquarters and urge them to send their lobbyists around to support bills in the general interest.

But this surrender of spirit has left a backwash of resentment that is surprisingly bitter and articulate. Making the rounds of union headquarters, I repeatedly heard comments like this one from the political representative of a large union:

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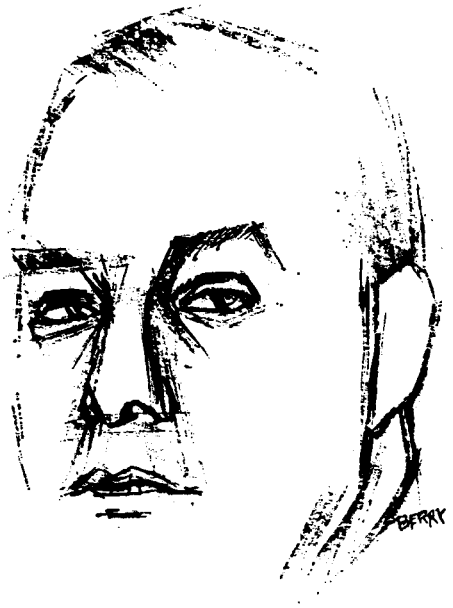
"Something's missing in the labor movement now. Everyone seems tired out except Hoffa. There's mediocrity or weariness everywhere you turn." An old-time organizer, at least twenty-five years in the business, shook his head sadly. "This is the most frustrating period of my life in trade unions—there's no lift." A veteran educational director of a big union observed that "the spirit of crusading" had gone out, leaving him with "a feeling of discontent and disenchantment." Almost as an afterthought he remarked, "I think the merger is coming apart at the seams."

An Inventory of Gloom

It is easy for the outsider, especially if his memories go back to the turbulence of the 1930's, to make invidious comparisons between Lewis and Meany, but the fact is that most of organized labor's problems are by no means self-made. They are forced by external events, and they go far to explain the low spirits that now prevail, especially in former CIO circles. The chief of these developments, with a few facts about them, follow:

¶ Automation and other technological advances have had a stunning effect on the industrial unions that were the heart of the old CIO—autos, steel, electric, and textiles. All told, the industrial unions are reliably estimated to have lost 800,000 members in the past five years. At the same time, most of the nonmanufacturing unions—especially the Teamsters, Hotel and Restaurant Workers, Railway Clerks, Meat Cutters, Retail Clerks, and Carpenters—are doing well and going up in the table of relative union strength.

¶ Figures put out by the AFL-CIO to show the "changes that unions have helped bring about in American life" unintentionally indicate why some of the fight may have gone out of the federation. A typical union member today is between thirty-five and forty-four, married ten years, and as likely to own a home and mortgage in the suburbs as to rent a flat in the city. The chances are that there is another wage earner in the family, probably part-time, raising the household income to the middle brackets. A car, a checking account, and a small savings account fill out the picture. What the survey does not say but what union leaders freely admit is that strikes are an unwelcome interruption for these credit-burdened middle-class workers. Moreover, taxes and socially oriented politics are no more popular among them than in the local Chamber of Commerce. And neither union nor government gets credit from them for the various forms of social security



they enjoy and take for granted. Members under forty tend to believe that people have always had vacations with pay and that collective bargaining and social security came in with Jefferson and are part of the Constitution.

¶ As the number of production and maintenance workers decreases, the number of clerical, technical, and service workers has gone up, until there are now as many white-collar workers as there are blue. But the white-collar worker is, for psychological and social reasons, by far the hardest for the unions to recruit. Forty per cent of nonfarm workers are now in this category, but they represent less than fifteen per cent of the unions' membership. Fortifying the nonmanual worker's reluctance to sign up, many employers are by now shrewd enough to match the best that unionized employers in the field have to offer in the way of wages, hours, benefits, and job security. The employee saves in dues, assessments, and social prestige, and the employer saves in time and aggravation. What would happen if there were no union yardstick in the field is a question that both parties are too satisfied to raise.

¶ Congressional action has hurt the unions and slowed down their drive. The Landrum-Griffin Act, inspired by the McClellan Committee's revelations of knavery in the Teamsters, did no visible harm to Mr. Hoffa's union, which has in fact supplanted the Auto Workers as the largest in the country. It *has* hurt smaller unions that relied on the Teamsters to win their strikes by imposing secondary boycotts, now forbidden, and refusing to handle "hot cargo."

¶ The race issue has hamstrung union organizers in one of the greatest areas of opportunity still open, the South. Sharing enthusiastically in the mores of their region, Southern unionists often turn out to be members of the White Citizens' Councils or at the very least advocates of Jim Crow locals. Spending an international's funds on this sort of organizing inevitably stirs up resentment among anti-segregationists, North and South, while any show of integrationist tendencies is cheerfully used by Southern employers to turn racial passions against the union. Failure of the various Operations Dixie can be attributed to several factors, but not least to this one. It accounts, too, for the hollowness of labor-convention resolutions on segregation and the eloquent scorn with which they are regularly denounced by President A. Philip Randolph of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

¶ So much have certain industries been affected by the current flood of foreign goods, made at low wages, that at least a dozen unions in the federation have been driven to urge some form of protectionism. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which has been the most vocal on the subject, does not concede that it has abandoned labor's traditional free-trade policy, but last May, after failing to get a quota imposed on the import of Japanese shirts and suits, the union declined to do any further work on Japanese fabrics. Similarly, the largest local of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers voted a boycott on electronic parts from Japan, and a large Machinists

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local protested the use of Japanese tools and dies by a California aircraft company as long as local craftsmen were being laid off. Officially, on the other hand, the federation is for free trade as much as ever. Through the International Labor Organization and the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, it has been working since the war to foster anti-Communist unions abroad and raise foreign labor standards. Meany and Reuther do not want to see that work undone, but neither can they afford to be unsympathetic to member unions that have been feeling the weight of competitive cheap labor. According to Jacob S. Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated, rising imports have cost his union twenty-five thousand jobs in the past three years.

'Organizing Costs Too Much'

Problems of this magnitude would tax the greatest of labor statesmen, and few union leaders place George Meany in that category. His talents lie rather in deferring showdowns, postponing action almost as a matter of principle, and riding out all storms that arise. To his admirers, especially in the Building Trades, he is, if not a statesman, at least a skilled tactician. No one else, they feel, could hold the federation together a month. But to the crusaders of the old CIO he seems to be given chiefly to marking time and avoiding decisions, finding satisfaction merely in holding on and even more satisfaction in gin rummy.

If the federation itself were holding its own, if temporizing were the price of unity, the guarantor of peace, and the promise of future advance, Meany's approach might well suffice. But neither the federation nor organized labor as a whole *is* holding its own, absolutely or relatively. At the time of the merger the AFL-CIO claimed fifteen million members. Expulsion of the Teamsters and a few smaller, similarly tainted unions cost the federation about 1.5 million members, and since then it has dropped another million by Mr. Meany's own reckoning. At the same time new jobholders have been coming into the labor market at the rate of 850,000 a year, or nearly 3.5 million since 1957. Meany concedes that the federation would have to be signing up nearly half of these merely to hold onto its roughly twenty-five per cent of the total nonfarm work force, that is, to stand still. But with an absolute loss of a million instead, it is clear that the AFL-CIO is slipping at an accelerated rate.

Little of the loss is due to unemployment, since most unions carry jobless members on their active rolls even if they are not paying dues. The loss is simply a failure to organize—in part because of the difficulties already suggested, in part out of weariness and sheer inertia, and in part because the AFL, with its tradition of decentralization, has never gone in for national organizing drives from the top. It has chosen to concentrate on the well-being of those already in rather than on proselytizing the unblessed. The CIO came into the merger, I was told, prepared to put four million dollars into a fund for organizing, expecting the larger AFL to contribute six million. The plan evoked rousing indifference and has long since been put to rest.

APART FROM the fiasco in the South, the most conspicuous failure to break fresh ground has been in the factory farms of California. As recently as February of this year the AFL-CIO Council renewed a pledge to support its Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, engaged in trying to break employer resistance in the Salinas and Imperial Valleys. But by June the council suddenly concluded that the drive was costing too much. The AWOC had never had more than 3,500 workers signed up at one time, Meany said, and it had cost something like half a million dollars. David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers, siding with his old friend and gin-rummy partner, is reported to have murmured that he could buy union members cheaper than that. No one seemed to recall what it had cost to organize steel in the high old days of the 1930's. No one seemed to care that earlier in the year Jimmy Hoffa's men had with suspicious ease obtained a contract from the biggest lettuce grower in the state—perhaps, it was hinted, because Hoffa had given assurances of favored treatment and perhaps because he offered, in fact, no objection to the hiring of cheap Mexican labor if local workers should prove hard to get.

In any case, Norman Smith, who directed the federation's organizing committee, noted with some bitterness the vacuum that had been left for Hoffa to fill. The committee had already forced up the wages of California farm workers by twenty million dollars a year and compelled employers to cut down on the use of the exploited Mexican *braceros*. But it would be the Teamsters who would reap the benefit. If Meany had been working for Hoffa, he said, "he could not have picked a more opportune time . . . to announce the suspension of our operations."

The Raiding Game

With jobs being lost to automation and organizing in the doldrums, the old American trade-union game of raiding has once more become the rage. When the two great labor bodies merged, there was no immediate intention to unite the parallel unions that had grown up—in electrical work, textiles, chemicals, meat packing, and other fields. Such a course would have required the quick burying of too many hatchets and the forced abandonment of too many high offices, not to mention the high salaries that went with them. As Meany put it at the time, "We can go after unity the long way or the short way. The short way is to merge into one trade-union center which will protect the integrity of all affiliates. The long way is to

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solve all of our problems before merging. Which will it be?" It was the short way, of course, and the best that was hoped for was that the unions would respect each other's borders and live in peaceful coexistence until such time as they might choose to merge.

Obviously, nothing of the sort has happened. The Metal Trades unions have fought the Auto Workers, the National Maritime Union is at daggers drawn with the Seafarers International, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers raids the domain of the Retail Clerks, the Airline Pilots Association makes war on the Flight Engineers, and the Sheet Metal Workers carries on a prolonged and deadly feud with the Steelworkers, even at plants where a strike is in progress. The Building Trades have fought both the Auto Workers and the Machinists at government missile bases, to the grave detriment of labor as a whole; and according to Meany, at least six vice-presidents of the federation, all chiefs in their own unions, have at one time or another repudiated the AFL-CIO no-raiding agreement. Beyond mere raiding, fraternal unions within the federation have dragged each other into court and before the National Labor Relations Board and have boycotted each other's products. Building Trades unions have even been known to call wildcat strikes rather than yield to their brothers in Reuther's Industrial Union Department.

EFFORTS have been made, of course, to damp down the fires and establish effective arbitration machinery, but neither the general climate in the federation nor Meany's determination has been up to making it a reality. Two years ago he appointed a committee on jurisdictional problems, which brought in a report favoring binding arbitration, and the federation's 1959 convention gave its approval. But when the Executive Council proceeded to set up the machinery, the craft unions, which are Meany's chief source of support, recoiled at the thought of being bound by an arbitrator's findings. After months of battling, reminiscent of the pre-CIO days of the mid-1930's, industrial-union chiefs met unofficially in a New York hotel last April and drew up a rebellious demand for a swift end to the fratricide. A letter signed by Reuther was sent off to Meany recording the "deep feeling of shame and sadness" with which the group had reviewed conditions prevailing under the "law of the jungle." Once more the demand was made for effective machinery, and ten days later the thirty protesting leaders called on Meany to deliver much the same message orally, using words like "sabotage" and "favoritism" for good measure. They were told that all their complaints would be investigated in due course, and they went away unimpressed.

The next day Meany publicly characterized Reuther's implied charge of bias as "an absolute lie." A delegation of craft unionists then called on him, in turn charging Reuther & Co. with bad faith. They had gone "95 per cent of the way" with him, they said, and went on to suggest that he was taking the "anti-building trades line" of Senator

McClellan, who had in fact made unkind references to their behavior at the missile bases. Complaining wearily that the industrial-union men were trying to blame him for all the federation's troubles, Meany shortly afterward called on A. J. Hayes, president of the Machinists, to head a special panel charged with presenting a peace plan to the June 26 meeting of the Executive Council. But the plan was not ready in time, and peace was put off once more. If Hayes, an AFL man himself and chairman of the Ethical Practices Committee, is genuinely hopeful, then he has drastically changed his mind since last December. He observed then that "the AFL-CIO is in danger of a break-up because of interunion disputes. It now appears very doubtful that any sensible solution will be found to these major problems which are festering and gnawing at the federation's very foundations."

Can the Teamsters Return?

With slight variations the same sentiment is to be heard from other union chiefs. Reuther, with more circumspection, says he is "deeply concerned about the ability of the federation to continue unless it begins to deal with some of its basic problems." Jimmy Hoffa, with no circumspection at all, publicly gives the organization only eighteen months more to hold together unless it sees the light and readmits his Teamsters. Otherwise internal discord and inaction will finish it off, he predicts. "People are discouraged and won't put up with this nonsense much longer." Not a minute longer, in fact, than Hoffa can help. He fully understands the differences, personal and otherwise, that are tearing the federation apart, he is in a position to exploit them, and the divide-and-conquer strategy has already proceeded farther and faster than the casual observer imagines.

In spite of the federation's solemn injunction against fraternizing with expelled unions within its ranks, Hoffa has avowed allies, undercover allies, and potential allies, waiting only for Meany to relax his fierce opposition before they declare themselves. Probably the most outspoken and influential of the Hoffa champions is Joseph Curran, the tough and salty president of the National Maritime Union, whose arguments and rationalizations for taking back the Teamsters pour out in a flood. "Anyone who would stand up and say that he didn't want the Teamsters back is not a trade unionist," he starts off, adding, "That applies to *anyone*." This would seem to dispose of most of the federation's Executive Council, but Curran makes a pass at taking them off the hook. "Mind you," he says, "I'm talking about the Teamsters, not Hoffa." For himself, however, even that distinction is out. "Hoffa's been cleared by the courts, hasn't he? Who am I to say he's guilty—or you? Of course

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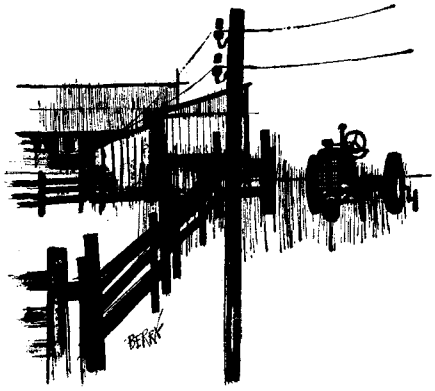
some people aren't satisfied with the courts, or with democracy either."

This is the commonest argument to be heard in Hoffa's favor. In view of the succession of sullen goons who appeared before the McClellan Committee and the volumes of uncontroverted evidence that the



union is crawling with extortionists, racketeers, and sweetheart contractors, the argument does not seem quite fitting for a member of the Ethical Practices Committee. Neither does the point that none of the Teamsters' ex-convict officials has been in jail within the past five years, the technical limitation laid down in the Landrum-Griffin Act. But Curran has other arguments, and he brings them up at every meeting of the Executive Council: expulsion is not the way to handle a union's offenses; it has played into the hands of labor's enemies, who are using Hoffa to get at all of organized labor; disciplinary measures short of expulsion would have been more effective, since making Hoffa an outcast has only encouraged "under the table" dealings with him—unlike Curran's, which are all open and aboveboard. Finally, Curran asks, "Why demand reform concessions from Hoffa, who is legally in the clear, and not from Maurice Hutcheson," the Carpenters' president, who was actually convicted?

The Teamsters are important to Curran's Maritime Union, which needs their support on the New York waterfront, especially since it is presently engaged in a savage feud with the Seafarers International Union. Indeed, the Teamsters can have a decided impact on the well-being of almost any union, since the refusal of its truck drivers to pick up or deliver goods can often make the difference between a quick and successful strike and a long-drawn-out failure. This is the chief source of Hoffa's hold on other unions and the reason that three AFL-CIO union heads—George Baldanzi of the Textile Workers, T. J. Lloyd of the Meat Cutters, and Sal B. Hoffmann of the Upholsterers—defied the ban on fraternization to attend the Teamsters' last convention. Baldanzi made precisely this point, and Harry Bridges, likewise on hand for the proceedings, was reported to have credited the Teamsters with a greater contribution to the national good than any program of President Kennedy's. It may be worth noting, in passing, that Hoffa's understandable dislike for the Kennedy brothers (as counsel to the McClellan Committee, Robert took him over the bumps, and as Presidential candidate, Jack publicly decried his being out of jail) gives him more in common politically with both Republicans and leftists than with a pro-administration man like Reuther. Bridges had been to many another convention at which the name of Roosevelt brought on a standing ovation, but at Hoffa's convention the honor was not for Franklin or even Theodore. It was for John, who serves the Forgotten Man as the Teamsters' investment counselor.

ALTHOUGH the Building Trades unions grudgingly went along with Meany in voting for the Teamsters' expulsion, Hoffa has had little reason to believe that their heart was in it or to doubt that they constitute his greatest bloc of potential support in the federation. At meetings of the council, Curran says, Building Trades people invariably come up to him after his customary pitch for the Teamsters, clap him on the back, and say, "Joe, we think you're right, but if George says no, it's no." So much do they count on Meany's support in the endless jurisdictional wrangling, one industrial-union leader explains, that they are willing to put up with his whim regarding Hoffa.

"Whim" may be an unfair word to use in this connection, but to many responsible people in the federation —AFL and CIO alike—no other word will describe Meany's position. "Principle" won't do because there is Hutcheson, convicted of a land swindle, still sitting beside him on the council and yet to hear an unkind word from the president's lips. Some of Meany's supporters explain that he can put up with a bit of skulduggery as charitably as the next fellow as long as it is in the family, but that he draws the line at having crooks brought in from the outside, especially thugs from the underworld of organized crime. Privately he is said to have made the point, too, that Hutcheson's offense, unlike Hoffa's, was a personal act, having nothing to do with union corruption.

But none of this stands too close an inspection. Meany was just as adamant about expelling James Cross and his Bakery Union as he was about the Teamsters, though the Bakery corruption was without benefit of the underworld. To make matters more confusing, he once visited Sing Sing to pay a friendly call on Joey Fay, one of the worst of the labor racketeers. An explanation more frequently heard is simply that Hutcheson is an old friend of Meany's and Hoffa is not. It's a personal obsession, one union chief says, "Meany's hatred for Hoffa is deeper than any personal hatred I've ever seen."

Scattered through the federation are pools of troubled water in which Hoffa can fish profitably, as he is believed to be doing right now, in time to produce the maximum disruption at the federation's December convention. In James Carey's

International Union of Electrical Workers, weakened by last year's nearly disastrous strike against General Electric, an anti-Carey faction is thought to lean toward Hoffa. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers is definitely divided on the question and would gladly vote for the Teamsters' readmission if only Meany

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would give the word. A. Philip Randolph, incensed at the federation's slowness to shake off all traces of segregation, reports that the Teamsters are generally good on racial matters, that Negro members of the union regard Hoffa as fair-minded. He would like to see a "united labor movement, including the Teamsters if they were able to comply with the code," Randolph told me, winding up with something stronger: "I haven't seen any success in the court cases against Hoffa. I would not vote against the re-entry of the Teamsters, even with him." For further indication of how the land lies, Hoffa men point out that several unions, like the Typographers and the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, voted against expulsion in the first place; that, like the NMU, Captain William V. Bradley's Longshoremen are a close ally; and that even the board of the Machinists, whose president headed the Ethical Practices Committee, was originally two to one against the suspension.

Who Are Jimmy's Allies?

But the biggest question mark in the future of Jimmy Hoffa is the attitude of Walter Reuther. That there should be any doubt on this score may seem at first incongruous. Reuther's concern for "trade-union morality" is almost Calvinist in its intensity, while Hoffa's is hardly noticeable. Reuther's questioning mind accepts no boundaries—political, technical, national, or international—while Hoffa, aside from opposing restrictive labor bills, limits his lobbyists to such objectives as the discouragement of piggyback traffic on the railroads; internationally, his advice to his labor colleagues is "Stop trying to save the world—get down to saving the United States." Yet the air is crackling with rumors and suspicions that Reuther is not nearly so adamant as Meany against the re-entry of the Teamsters, that an accommodation of some sort is in the wind, and that when it comes it will drastically rearrange the power alignment within the federation.

To stir up speculation of this sort is naturally in Hoffa's interest. One can pick up reports at Teamsters headquarters that Richard Gosser, an official of the UAW, has been sounding out Hoffa lieutenants on a *rapprochement*, possibly an eventual understanding whereby the Auto Workers will support the return of the Teamsters and in time the Teamsters will support Reuther for the presidency of the federation. Hoffa uses markedly different language in discussing the two top powers of the federation, both of whom pressed for his expulsion. Meany is "that dopey, thick-headed Irishman," but Reuther "is not stupid like Meany" and "he's enough of a politician to know that to get anywhere, organized labor has to function as a group."

What greatly stimulated the rumor market and shocked some of Reuther's admirers was the mildness of his reaction to flat statements that he wanted the Teamsters readmitted: "Obviously I would like to see a unified labor movement, but it would have to be on the basis of all organizations which belong being willing to accept the standards of trade-union morality required. Under no circumstances would I take the Teamsters back carte blanche."

Discussing these rumors in the handsome Detroit office that graces what was once Edsel Ford's estate, Reuther flatly denied having had any contact with Hoffa, directly or through intermediaries, since the expulsion. When I asked whether he might nevertheless favor readmission, he chose at first to stand by the statement he had made on television a few days before—that any union seeking affiliation with the AFL-CIO would have to meet "certain basic minimum standards of trade-union morality" and that the Teamsters "certainly do not" do so. But he took pains to add that if the Teamsters Union *could* be taken back without compromising those standards, "their return would be an asset to the whole labor movement."

After an hour's talk with the man whose mind is still the freshest and most invigorating in trade-union officialdom, I came away with the impression that while he is no more indulgent of Teamster corruption than he has ever been, he is far from happy with the all-out or all-in positions taken by Meany on the one hand and, say, Curran on the other. The double standard applied to Hoffa and Hutcheson bothers him, and I gathered, too, that he feels there would be more chance of reforming the Teamsters if they were brought within the federation than left for good to go their wild and maverick way. In a showdown, I believe, he would still vote against outright readmission—his public image would be badly tarnished if he did not—but it does not follow that he would actively fight it. In fact there are signs that he would not. It would not surprise me if, instead, he were to press for the setting up of some sort of machinery whereby a offending union could be straightened out without having to be banished.

WHY all this concern for a single union, especially one as gamy as the Teamsters? The concern, I think, is not for the union as such, much less for its presiding genius. It is for the AFL-CIO itself, which has been so weakened by feuding and inertia that it could be seriously endangered by the rival attraction of a runaway Teamsters Union, ready and willing to organize all comers and raise a bit of hell in the process. It might be safer, the theory seems to be, to bring the swashbucklers back into the house of labor than to let them constitute an attractive nuisance in the back yard.

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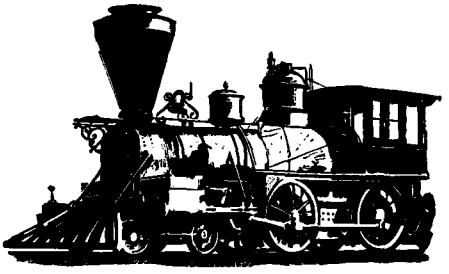


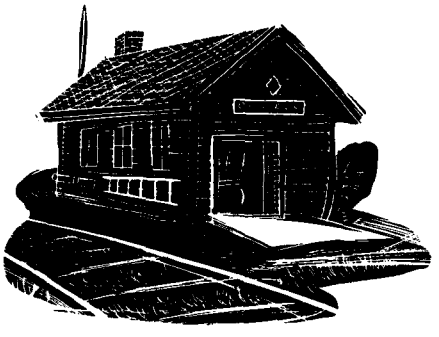
THE RIGHT TRACK

Or, How to Run a Commuter Railroad for Fun and Profit

ELAINE KENDALL

It is almost impossible to pick up a newspaper these days without reading about the miseries of another railroad. These bulletins are all the more affecting because the victim always seems to be someone I know—the Pennsy, the New Haven, the New York Central, or the Lackawanna. When I think back, I realize that there have been indications for years that all was not well in the roundhouse. The trouble is that no one put the early danger signs together into a pattern. Individually, they were easy to ignore. First the railroads began selling all their wooden ties to landscape gardeners. Then the passenger trains were dropped one by one. The timetables withered and shrank. Fares went up every night, like fever. All the asterisks seemed to tell the same melancholy story—"This train operates only on Dec. 31, July 3, and Sept. 5." "Subject to change without notice" became the rule rather than the exception. There was nobody to answer the telephone at the information booths.

The public shrugged with annoyance and took the thruway, never thinking how much the railroads would be missed when they were finally gone. I've been as much to blame as anyone, but now that the bloom is off the New Jersey Turnpike, I suggest we try and make up for the years of neglect. With enough imagination and effort, the railroads can be put right back where they were when Vanderbilt was looking around for a good thing. There are basic transportation needs that can never be satisfied by turnpikes and airlines, and the sooner we capitalize upon this, the better. If we don't help the railroads now, they won't



be there when we need them—in blizzards, on the Fourth of July, and when the ceiling is zero. The remedy is heroic, but then, the case is desperate.

The Big Change would be to rent the rolling stock to outside interests. The railroad could retain ownership of the franchise, but the cars themselves must be subcontracted. This would take care of galloping obsolescence at the same time that it made rail travel a joy. No profit-conscious company could allow itself to be represented by a PRR smoker. That's about the most negative public image there is. Thus we could be sure that extensive refurbishing would immediately follow the renting of the cars.

For a start, we could lease a car to Vic Tanny. He could install all the usual equipment, plus fixed bicycles with speedometers. For a premium fee, one could peddle furiously in a simultaneous attempt to tone up the muscles and "beat the train." Winner splits with the house. The fare for a sixty-mile trip would then be based upon the charge for an hour at Tanny's, plus a small amount for hot towels, leotards, and the convenience of being transported to New York.

Once having signed up a gym, the railroads should immediately turn their attention to the comfort of another type of passenger. The comptrollers have been insisting for a long time now that the dining car as such is economically unfeasible. All the railroads have done to relieve the situation is to raise the price of a tuna-fish sandwich to $1.65 and discharge some loyal waiters. They have entirely overlooked the basic axiom of the American system—You Make Your Money on the Bar. Apply this truism and reverse the proportion of bar cars to coaches. It's absurd to have but twenty seats out of a possible three hundred in which the passenger can buy a drink. In some parts of the country, we can have a few teetotal cars done up in chintz and knotty pine, where only Postum and sarsaparilla would be served.

Another financial boost would be slot machines in the bar cars. Why not? Trains could be like ships in that respect. The gaming commission would enforce a three-mile limit and promise to keep a sharp eye out for undesirable elements. A dubious game on the Merchants Limited would be as unthinkable as fixed bingo on the Queen Mary. Another function of the commission would be to exact a cut of all card games. There is no good reason why

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a small percentage of the bridge, poker, and pinochle winnings should not automatically go to the train. In the gaming cars, you won't have to pay any transportation fee at all—just take your chances.

PEOPLE who neither count calories, drink Gibsons, nor play bridge must not be neglected. For this group, we will provide a library car, set up with good light, comfortable chairs, out-of-town papers on slotted sticks, and the pick of the new novels. There can be a lot of revenue in fines and rentals. One could join the library car on a month-to-month basis, and the staff would also take over some time-consuming office duties, like looking up credit ratings. People would be encouraged to join the library car even if they rarely used it, and the charter members would be listed on a tasteful plaque. This car would be the best one from which to alight, for obvious reasons.

At least one car should be let to Merrill Lynch or some other forward-looking brokerage house. Stock tickers exert a strong fascination, and people would be delighted to pay for the privilege of watching them. Ticker watching has more status than television, and is equally undemanding. This car would also be organized on the club plan, and membership in it would be important for young men on their way up.

Of course, the new trains will also have barbershops and beauty salons. How many times does a man come home shopworn and peccable, only to be informed by his wife that they were due at a dinner party ten minutes ago? A shave and a haircut would go a long way toward saving the evening. Shoeshines, a cleaning and pressing service, and a Brooks Brothers shirt rental would be optional extras. What man will ever want to share a barbershop on Saturday with a bunch of sixth-graders when he can be groomed on his way home, a man among men? All runs of an hour or more will carry an elegant beauty salon. Women will take the train on which their favorite hairdresser works, even if it leaves at 7:49 in the morning. The rush hour will even out in no time.

Train windows have always been a problem. They neither open nor close, they offer depressing vistas of auto graveyards, and keeping them clean has proved impossible. Box them in, I say. Make them showcases for luxury goods from all over the world. A representative from the Diners Club could take orders.

Children on trains have created more havoc over the years than Jesse James and his brother. There never was anything for them to do but run up and down the aisles pestering grown-ups and drinking brackish water. Still, who wouldn't rather take children on a train than in a car? At least it is possible to get farther away from them. Let's make proper provisions—have a nursery car with rocking horses, blocks, and one of those teachers trained to make pencil holders out of orange-juice cans.

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

I AM GRATEFUL to Samuel Beckett for providing a physical image of the disease of our time: the impotence of talk. In the first act of *Happy Days,* his latest excursion on stage ("play" is not the word), a woman is buried up to her waist in a sand pile; in the second, only her head is visible. All she can do is talk. Having been in the same position not so long ago—up to my neck not in an earth mound but in sour mash, in the season's first *Open End*—I know how Mr. Beckett's Winnie feels. For the information of those

fortunate enough to have missed my own excursion into the realm of pointless talk, the subject was "An Oblique Look at the Sinatra Clan," and its panel, totally immoderated by David Susskind, consisted of Jackie Gleason, Ernie Kovacs, Joe E. Lewis, Toots Shor, Lenore Lemmon, Richard Gehman, and alas, myself.

Now our condition of impotence—Winnie's in *Happy Days* and mine on "Open End"—was not really inevitable. Winnie, I am sure, could have heaved herself out of her mound by just pushing hard with her hands. I could have unhooked my microphone from my neck and walked off Mr. Susskind's program. To those who wondered why I didn't, I can only say that talk is a robber of will and a dissipator of judgment. I was talked into my trap and felt I had to talk my way out of it. Thus are errors compounded.

Happy Days has taught me something else too: that there is very little to choose between the undisciplined babble of show business and the manic garrulity of the avant-garde writer. Both are products of a monumental self-indulgence coupled with an equally massive contempt for the public.

Perhaps the contempt is well merited, for what kind of people are they who lend their breath to the inflation of a Sinatra or a Gleason far beyond his natural talents? Or who sit in holy silence working for Beckett when Beckett should be working for them? This is the laziness of such writers: that they do not bother to give form to thought, motion to feeling, or pleasure to others. Beckett is not using his real talent for poetry; he is playing with it. He does not bother to define his terms; the fools in their seats can do that. Here sincerity does not come into question, but obligation does: the obligation of a craftsman toward the purchaser of his products. Beckett is a great comfort, of course, to the new playwrights who choose to believe that talk is enough: incongruous talk, zany talk, hip talk, trick

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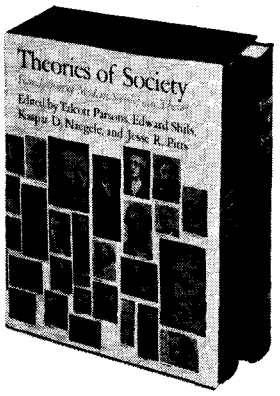

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talk, tape talk. They may not immobilize their characters as he does, in soil or garbage pails, but they do immobilize their plays in the inertia of words. What is more, they lay on their actors the burden they have not borne: to communicate.

Happy Days should have been called *Ruth White,* for what this excellent actress drew on in her trapped condition was not the contents of the handbag Beckett provided her with, but the infinite resources of her craft. It was she who compelled you to listen and—in those brief faint moments when the poet in Beckett chose to emerge—to feel.

Beckett himself was saying, I suppose, that talk is not enough. But as I learned to my chagrin on the Susskind show, you are in no position to condemn what you are yourself engaged in. It should be clear, furthermore, that when the talker's ego reaches certain proportions, talk is a one-way street: I dish it out, you take it. Again, there is not much difference between big-shot show-business boors and big-shot intellectual boors: they make of an audience not a partner but a receptacle.

Yet the kind of vulgarity and arrogance that marked the discussion of the Sinatra Clan by its loyal and liquored buddies is not the main trouble with talk shows on television. It is not even typical. The trouble is with the panel format itself, which crumbles without discipline and direction, and with certain popular and dangerous assumptions: that experts are interesting, that professors are wise, and that show people are entertaining. I have seen them being all these things, but it is their contribution on certain occasions that makes one forget how rare these occasions are. For the most part there is too much talk on television—and too little said.

Push yourself out of the molehill, Winnie, and use your legs.

WHILE show business babbled to itself, television talked to Americans on one notable evening. During a week of sudden death, of fallout, of hurricane, the black man was introduced to the white man in two powerful documentaries: "Angola: Journey to a War," an *NBC White Paper,* and "Walk in My Shoes," an *ABC Close-Up.*

It is hard to know which of these two bold and penetrating reports was the more disturbing. Hatred underlay both. And although the films and narration of the struggle in Angola between Portuguese and Africans revealed the actual and terrible ravages of primitive action and reaction, of oppression and exploitation on the one hand and desperate vengeance on the other, the talk of our own Negroes in Harlem, in Chicago, and in Los Angeles was freighted with just as much danger. Both programs said, as clearly as it can be said: "Time is running out. Either we break the mold or they will. Talk is not enough."

At Home with Lucifer

JOHN ROSSELLI

LONDON

A PLAYWRIGHT who has grown up in the theater needs above all things to get away from it. Early in his career he should wipe the grease paint off his eyelids and take a good look at the world as the rest of mankind sees it. If he doesn't he will probably end like those ex-actors Pinero and Coward, writing immensely fashionable plays that after a few years show up as little more than the theater feeding on its own bag of tricks. John Osborne's fifth play, *Luther,* which has recently opened in the West End, is encouraging because it shows this most talented of young English playwrights getting away from his theatrical origins.

Osborne's misfortune has been that the English are more interested in opinions than in art. They have noticed his attacks on established institutions, which are often muddled, more than his gift for stage dialogue, which is remarkable. Amid all the pother over anti-bomb or anti-monarchical outbursts, few realized that the chief danger facing this young ex-actor was overdependence on the stage putty he could handle so well. Thus *Look Back in Anger* was at bottom about out-of-work actors (all the chief characters had that special talented idleness); *Epitaph for George Dillon* was frankly about a struggling actor-playwright; *The Entertainer* tried (I think in vain) to show a nation's predicament in that of a seedy family troupe. When Osborne mounted an ambitious attack on the gossip columnist's view of life in *The World of Paul Slickey,* it flopped mainly because he literally didn't know what he was talking about; some newspapermen sighed that with his talent they could have done a much better job of carving up their own profession.

NOW Osborne has written something radically different—a detached play about a great historical figure. He has obviously followed Brecht's *Galileo,* a hit in London last year. But although his play lacks some of Brecht's virtues it is also a lot less boring than *Galileo,* with its didactic magic-lantern titles set to interminable Hanns Eisler music. Osborne takes from Brecht such simple devices as the interlocutor who announces each scene and the tree branch or tapestry that descends from the flies to provide a minimal background. More substantially, Brecht has done him good by forbidding him to identify himself with yet one more artist-performer. Osborne's grasp has widened: he is able to make his rebel spurt out passion and yet to see him from the outside.

Luther opens with young Martin's reception into the Augustinian order, dwells on his life in the dark close world of the monastery, and, after a vivid glimpse of his conflict with his earthly father, goes on in swift posterlike scenes to show the quarrel over indulgences and Luther's rebellion against his spiritual

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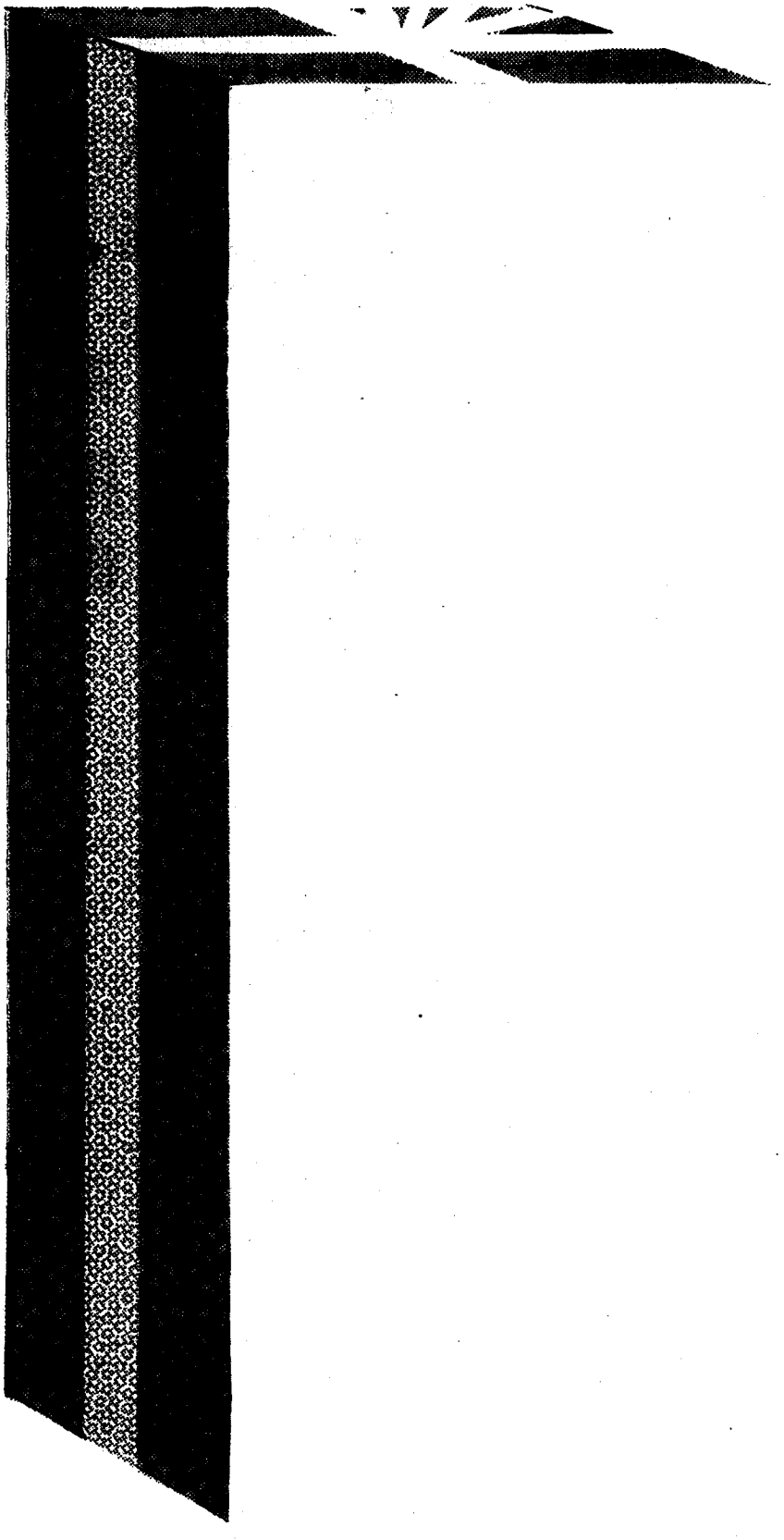
SO MANY OF US

Are Friends Better Stocked Than Santa?



SO

THE REPORTER

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 41

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
5 207 33 223 105
"Time writes no wrinkle on thi ne_____ brow." Byron, Childe Harold.

B
73 103 123 3 83 49
"My love, she's but a___ yet." Title of song by James Hogg.

C
29 211 209 91 183 161 197
199 135 African anteaters.

D.
9 175 213 149 Tots of liquor.

E.
151 19 45 201 109 65 57
125 205
"Mon centre cede, ma droite recule, _____ excellente. J'attaque."
Maréchal Foch.

F
61 63 51 27 121 225 43 89
77 169 153 143 17
Below the costal cartilages.

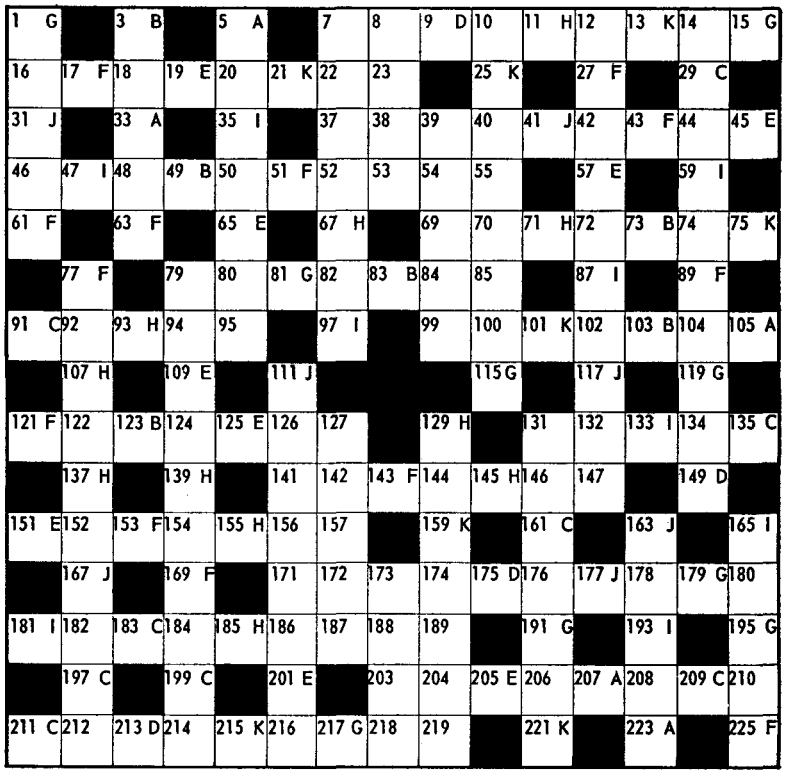
G
15 81 115 119 179 191 217
195 1 Ideally perfect or complete.

H
137 155 185 67 107 145 11 71
93 129 139 Midinettes, gamines, etc.

I
87 181 97 47 193 133 59 35 165
Sets up or formally institutes a unit in the U.S. Army.

J
31 41 177 117 163 111 167
Semiramis, Zuleika, and Boadicea to the Romans.

K
75 25 13 21 101 221 159 215
Ah! must--
_____infinite!--
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
Thompson, The Hound of Heaven.



Across

7. This Williams is the volunteer, but not Soapy.
16. Singular post-Gospel book has a visit changed for one who believes utility the test of truth.
37. Question that one babe in the wood might have asked. Tower Ales says so. (3,2,4)
46. Rips creeds apart but makes apple juice.
69. Lighted up when linked to a half thousand.
79. Washington attacked his sane mercenary across the Delaware.
91. Ate sumptuously in the Grand at Edinburgh.
99. Correct the slope of the road in a red rage.
121. Second hand (7) order to get under way (4,3)
131. The Acrostician has gone closer to them than any other American save one.
141. Love in the family with lost of bubbles.
151. Places of refuge, now archaic, provide the last sip at Glenshee, for example.
171. Contracting for ten years at a styptic substance.
181. Gamblers? Perhaps; they turn carts over.
203. Take iron out of these makers of conduction and only size remains.
211. A sprinkling of calumny.

Down

1. A short book to burn under a tree.
3. Duty's advice to would-be scholars.
5. Deter a basketball team that's turned aside.
7. A White Russian always starts one.
8. To be French, you need what 1 down is.
10. We sin in New England when we use ratios of perpendiculars to radii rather than diameters. (3,5)
12. This is real togetherness, Lady, or is it?
14. Inhabitants of Stratford, Bow, and Ham sent to Red Sea.
39. Ask in re about this glacial deposit.
77. A pair of spades vanishes.
79. Prostration attributed to high temperature and to the rakes.
111. Laff at us having an overmastering impulse.
127. The enemy surrounds the ship in the moat.
129. Nose around about the French sea with a poet.
131. Given TNT and a sail, the Acrostician was thus supposed to approach the target. (5,2)
163. At no time in the Green Everglades.
165. Stow a hat in a ship.
173. The three who broke up the riot.

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father, the Pope, culminating in his defiance of the Diet of Worms—"Here I stand; God help me; I can do no more." In Brechtian fashion, Osborne throughout stresses the physical as well as the spiritual torments that Luther suffers: he sweats "like a pig," has an epileptic fit, and is perennially racked with constipation.

Almost to the end the play works. It does not try to enlist sympathy; but it is first-rate theater both as a text for speaking and as a succession of those visual stage effects which can convey more than many long speeches—Luther staggering into his fit while the other monks, backs to the audience, go on chanting their prayers; or the fading out of the Diet of Worms into a dim vision of an armed peasant band singing Luther's hymn *"Ein feste Burg,"* first soft and staccato upstage, then loudly downstage with banners dipped at the audience.

ABOUT Luther himself, some people complain that Osborne catches the individual rebel but misses the religious reformer. This is true only if you give religious experience its conventional, roseate meaning—something that touches human beings from the ears up. Others will see in Luther's account of how he "sat in my heap of pain," gnawed at once by constipation and by anguish at the seeming impossibility of returning God's love, a true picture of human torment—and they will not call it merely physical.

The play shows Luther as a son maddened by the whole concept of fatherhood. "You'd like to pretend that you made yourself," his miner father tells him, "that it was *you* who made you—and not the body of a woman and another man." In his desire to re-create a self he hates, Luther rejects all fathers until he can make God afresh in his own image. On all this Osborne is eloquent. He is open, too, to the idea of unitary medieval Christendom which Luther shattered, and in an excellent Shavian scene gives the papal legate some good lines in its defense: "We live in thick darkness, and it grows thicker. How will men find God if they are left to themselves, each man abandoned and only known to himself? . . . There will come frontiers, frontiers of all kinds—between men—and there'll be no end to them."

Where the play goes wrong is, significantly, from the moment Luther becomes a successful rebel and has to face issues like the peasants' revolt. The last two scenes suffer a short circuit. A symbolic knight has some garbled lines about the profit motive and, though he seems to speak for modern atheism, is inexplicably indignant when Luther marries an ex-nun. The play closes flatly on a picture of Luther almost content with his new role as an ordinary father. The explanation seems to be that once again Osborne does not know what he is talking about. As I found the one time I interviewed him, he is, though courteous, almost wholly incoherent on social and political matters. He is at home with Lucifer—but not when Lucifer starts running the powers and principalities of this world. *Luther* shows that Osborne has extended his grasp and come nearer than before to writing a play that is a whole satisfying shape rather than a string of effective scenes, but his fingers can still slip.

THE West End opening was notable for several reasons. First, Osborne had just startled everybody by publishing a frenetic "letter of hate" to England ("You're rotting now, and quite soon you'll disappear," etc.) in strange contrast with *Luther*, which in spite of its faults is sane and large-minded. Then the man who is often described as the nation's Edwardian father figure, Harold Macmillan, took time off from golf and Berlin to attend this play about a son's rebellion. Finally the performance disclosed the full powers of Albert Finney, the star of the film *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. Playing at twenty-five his first outsize part in a big London theater, Finney carried all the guns for it—not only a wonderfully malleable face and body, a flexible voice, and seemingly bottomless reserves of power but the ability to age as the evening went on and to create by unobtrusive acting the invisible crowd at the Diet of Worms. After *Luther* there is no doubt that Finney is an actor of the first magnitude.

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RECORD NOTES

BACH (C.P.E.): CONCERTO IN D MINOR. Fritz Neumeyer, harpsichord; Wiener Solisten, Wilfrid Böttcher, cond. (*Vanguard BG* 616, *mono; BGS* 5040, *stereo.*)

By coupling C.P.E. Bach's intense, dark-hued D Minor Concerto with a pair of typically genial concertos by Johann Christian Bach, Vanguard provides an engaging introduction to Johann Sebastian's two most talented sons. The record also introduces the Wiener Solisten, a new addition to the network of virtuoso chamber orchestras cropping up all over Europe. As might be expected from a group of Viennese instrumentalists, the string playing has both sparkle and uncommon warmth of tone. Harpsichordist Fritz Neumeyer is more adept at tossing off the rococo sentiments of Johann Christian than in conveying the dramatic sweep of Carl Philipp Emanuel's jagged rhetoric, and his muted interpretation of the latter is compounded by a microphone setup that places the harpsichord a bit too much in the background. Despite all, the power of this music survives.

BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTOS NOS. 1-5. Leon Fleisher, piano; Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. (*Epic LC* 3788/91, *mono*; *BC* 1136/39, *stereo, four discs.*) PIANO CONCERTO NO. 4. Glenn Gould, piano; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (*Columbia ML* 5662, *mono*; *MS* 6262, *stereo.*) PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5. Van Cliburn, piano; Chicago Symphony, Fritz Reiner, cond. (*RCA Victor LM/LSC* 2562, *mono or stereo.*)

A generation of pianists born at the end of the nineteenth century—Backhaus, Gieseking, Kempff, Rubinstein, Schnabel—have left us their interpretations of this repertoire on discs, but it would seem clear from the constellation of autumn releases listed above that record impresarios hopefully believe in the existence of a new audience ready to accept a new generation of Beethoven players.

Certainly, the Beethoven concerto literature has not been recorded with such vibrant realism before. Compared to these 1961 productions, even the most recent of Schnabel's recordings (1946-1947) sound muffled and cramped. But have we purchased first-rate engineering at the price of second-rate musicianship? In the case of the Leon Fleisher-George Szell collaboration, definitely not. Their present readings of the five concertos need defer to none by past masters. Fleisher possesses the salient talent of his teacher Schnabel: the ability to mate crisp articulation and incisive rhythmic pulse with artfully graded tone and poetic inwardness. He is thus attuned, as Schnabel was, to both the heroic and the romantic aspects of Beethoven, to the wit and joviality as well as to the rapt sobriety, and he is able to maintain all these qualities in fruitful coexistence. The lithe, concise, well-disciplined work of Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra ideally complements Fleisher's conceptions, and the total results are thoroughly distinguished.

The other "young generation" Beethoven discs are less impressive. Van Cliburn's *Emperor* is muscular and titanic in the old Grand Manner, with some resultant moments of excitement in the first and last movements; but elsewhere—notably in the Adagio—he seems merely subdued when he should seem meditative and in communion with another world. His is an honest but rather pedestrian interpretation.

The Gould-Bernstein version of the Fourth Concerto is not pedestrian. Indeed, it sounds at times as if Gould were asking himself, "How can I play this music differently?" Usually I find this artist's originality and unfettered liberality of expression wholly admirable, but here the rhythmic distentions, the oddly placed accents, the soulfully broken chords are annoying rather than revelatory. Only in the final movement, where the fast tempo precludes much tinkering, does he serve Beethoven well. Bernstein's heavy-handed accompaniment is no help.

BELLINI: NORMA. Maria Callas, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Franco Corelli, tenor; *et al.*; Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala, Tullio Serafin, cond. (*Angel* 3615, *mono or stereo*; *three discs.*)

Admirers of Maria Callas (and what person susceptible to great artistry cannot be an admirer of hers?) will want to know how this new version of *Norma*, recorded last winter, compares with the earlier Angel set, which dates from May, 1954. They will have to recognize the fact that the soprano is now in decidedly less secure vocal form. The wobbly, unfocused high notes, the tendency to slide off pitch, the veiled middle voice are all more pronounced in the recent recording. Nevertheless, Callas is still a magnificent Norma, and in spite of her vocal inequalities she still commands a range of expression unapproached by any other opera singer of recent years. Certain passages—for instance, Norma's confrontation with Pollione in Act IV, the imperious *"In mia man alfin tu sei"*—have indeed even more dramatic bite and lyrical line in the 1961 recording than before, and these moments help to counterbalance the ugly sounds that mar the higher reaches of *"Casta Diva."*

In most other respects the new set is clearly superior to the old. The virile voice of Franco Corelli is far preferable to the thin stridencies of Mario Filippeschi in the 1954 recording. And though Christa Ludwig does not have the idiomatic certainty of the veteran contralto Ebe Stignani, she is an altogether more believable Adalgisa. Moreover, her mezzo-soprano timbre blends better with that of Callas.

The new stereo engineering achieves a balance between orchestra and voices that is closer to the opera-house norm than the sound of

Solution to

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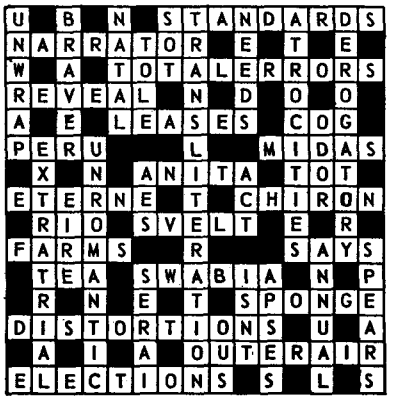
Puzzle #40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Acrostician—

SOUVANNA PHOUMA

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the singer-dominated 1954 version. The acoustics are more open and spacious, and Bellini's instrumental felicities make a stronger impression. Unfortunately, Angel's engineers have at times sacrificed vocal detail in striving for proper balance; too often the celebrated Callas articulation gets lost in the wide stereo spaces. It may be, of course, that Callas no longer articulates with her former dramatic precision, but I suspect that the microphoning is more to blame.

These various credits and debits make a final accounting extremely difficult. Probably the best advice is to choose the new *Norma* for its better over-all casting and to acquire the "highlights" disc of the older one while it is still available (Angel 35379) for its splendid display of vintage Callas.

FISCHER: SUITE NO. 8. Roger Voisin, trumpet; Kapp Sinfonietta, Emanuel Vardi, cond. (*Kapp* 9062; *mono and stereo.*)

Wanda Landowska greatly admired the music of J.K.F. Fischer (1665-1746) and set his stock rising a few years ago with her gripping performance of the D Minor Passacaglia (included in "The Art of the Harpsichord," RCA Victor LM 2194). Now we have a recording of an orchestral suite by Fischer to give further evidence that much treasure awaits rediscovery in this composer's neglected lifework.

Though Fischer lived and worked in Germany as *Kapellmeister* to the Margrave Ludwig of Baden, his musical sympathies were blatantly French. It has been suggested, indeed, that Johann Sebastian Bach's introduction to the flamboyant, elegant French style came through a study of Fischer's scores. This Suite No. 8 is a brilliant exercise in pomp and panoply that might just as well have been written for King Louis XIV as for the Margrave Ludwig. Voisin and associates soar through its eight movements with keen verve and precision.

The disc also includes trumpet music by Purcell, Stradella, and Lully—all of it well worth attention, but not to be consumed at one sitting. Unrelieved stretches of brassy ebullience soon become subject to the law of diminishing returns.

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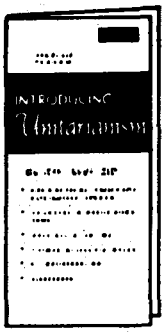

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BOOKS

The Second Reconstruction

C. VANN WOODWARD

A CENTURY OF CIVIL RIGHTS, by Milton R. Konvitz. With a Study of State Law Against Discrimination, by Theodore Leskes. *Columbia University Press. $6.*

To take issue with a book that has so many genuine merits and laudable purposes as this one undoubtedly does is to run the risk of being misunderstood. To avoid as much misunderstanding as possible, it would seem best to dwell first on the merits and purposes of the work.

Mr. Konvitz is professor of law at Cornell, the author of many books on civil rights, and an active member of numerous organizations for the defense of civil liberties. His subject here is not civil rights in general but civil rights of the Negro, and his treatment of the subject is historical—from slavery and emancipation down to the sit-in movement. He concentrates on the development of Federal legislation and Federal court decisions in this field. His contribution does not consist in new research and fresh information, for he uses standard works and familiar facts. It consists rather in vigorous truthtelling and forthrightness. In a field where timorous equivocation has so often prevailed, his spirited sympathy for the legislation he describes is refreshing and welcome.

It was inevitable that Professor Konvitz should devote most of his space to the period of Reconstruction, for that is where the great bulk of human-rights legislation is concentrated, and out of this body of laws and Constitutional amendments have arisen most of the Supreme Court decisions on the subject. He comments on "the shock of recognition" he repeatedly receives upon encountering again and again in recent years the issues, arguments, prejudices, stratagems, and evasions of the 1860's. The Second Reconstruction has, indeed, been destined to repeat much of the history of the First Reconstruction. After awarding high praise to the great body of human-rights legislation written in the 1860's and 1870's, he points out that these laws have too often been discredited by *ad hominem* reference to the partisan and selfish motives of their authors. He admits laconically that "they were not angels." They were mortal men, to be sure, and all too human. Admittedly one would prefer that moral mentors keep their hands out of the till. But Mr. Konvitz has done well to remind us that the great ideas of history have often had shabby sponsors.

Mr. Leskes takes about a hundred pages of the book to give an excellent account of state legislation, mainly of the last fifteen years, against discrimination in public accommodations, employment practices, schools, and housing. It is a straightforward story, unencumbered by theory and most informative. One is left to speculate on which has been the more ingenious: the states in their efforts to enforce the laws, or the public in its tireless efforts to evade them. On the whole, however, Mr. Leskes's account leaves a gratifying impression of substantial if rather halting progress in the Northern states during the last decade.

MY ARGUMENT is with Professor Konvitz, and it does not concern his principles or his purposes but his history. The historical problem he attacks is how it came about that the United States has had such a faltering, frustrated, and discreditable record in Negro rights during the past century. The question is sharpened by the fact that this breakdown in national faith followed hard upon an overwhelming victory in a war presumably fought to establish those rights. And it occurred in spite of the post-bellum amendments and all the elaborate civil-rights acts and enforcement acts, reinforced, reiterated, and spelled out beyond all possibility of misunder-

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standing during Reconstruction for the protection of Negro rights. These high purposes and solemn commitments were frustrated or forgotten, and we now find ourselves in the midst of a Second Reconstruction, struggling not too effectively to accomplish some of the aims of the First.

The explanation Mr. Konvitz offers for this century of national perfidy is quite simple: the South, the prejudices peculiar to the region, and its intransigent determination to have its own way against the national will. He is right in tracing some Southern attitudes back to slavery, but he goes further than that. "Basic to slavery in the South—*and only in the South* [his italics], for this was not true elsewhere in the world or in history—was the firm conviction that the Negro belonged to another and an inferior species." He adds that "this explains the Civil War, the Black Codes, opposition to Reconstruction, the politically solid South, the Jim Crow laws, and Southern resentment at 'interference' in their affairs from the 'outside.' " He supports his thesis with instances revealing in "total nakedness" the South's purpose over the years.

My objection is that this is not an adequate explanation of what happened. Had such attitudes and purposes been confined to the South, the struggle would have been over and won long ago—at least by Grant's administration. The Constitution and the laws would have prevailed and that would have been that. The fact was that the betrayal of Civil War aims and the undermining of Negro rights received vigorous, concerted, and effective co-operation from the North. It came not only from the Supreme Court but from the White House, from Congress, from the Army and Navy, and from both the major political parties, and it had a broad base of popular support. Only by such means could the result have been accomplished. The Mason-Dixon Line divided slavery from freedom by 1860, but not prejudice from non-prejudice.

UNFORTUNATELY, the prejudices that Mr. Konvitz finds "only in the South" were entrenched in the North as well—deeply entrenched and of long standing. Segregation was invented in the North and imported much later by the South. By 1860 segregation was the rule and desegregation the rare exception in the North, and Jim Crow prevailed in all fields: the churches, schools, trains, housing, theaters, hotels, restaurants. Republicans, Democrats, and Whigs alike swore allegiance to white supremacy, and so did a surprising number of anti-slavery people. Only six per cent of the Northern Negroes lived in the five states that permitted Negroes to vote, and only in Massachusetts could they serve on a jury. According to a recent study by Leon F. Litwack, "The justification for such discrimination in the North differed little from that used to defend slavery in the South: Negroes, it was held, constituted a depraved and inferior race which must be kept in its proper place in a white man's society."

The tragedy of the Union victory was that the victors were caught unprepared to enforce the ideals for which they had presumably fought, either among the vanquished or among themselves. Union, the conservative war aim, was enforced, and so was freedom, for it affected only the South. But equality, the third war aim, required a revolution in the North as well, and that was not forthcoming for a long time, not until quite recently in many respects.

THIS BOOK has a hero, a valid and appropriate hero. He is Mr. Justice John Marshall Harlan, who served on the Supreme Court for nearly thirty-five years, from 1877 to 1911. That was the period of the great reaction, when the Court in decision after decision was nullifying the Reconstruction amendments and reinstating Jim Crow law and disfranchisement. On each of these occasions the "Great Dissenter" was on hand to denounce the "subtle and ingenious verbal criticism" by which "the substance and spirit of the recent amendments of the Constitution have been sacrificed."

Harlan's dissenting opinions make wonderful reading today, and Mr. Konvitz does well to quote liberally from them. One of his most famous opinions was his dissent in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson,* when he sharply reminded the Court: "Our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor

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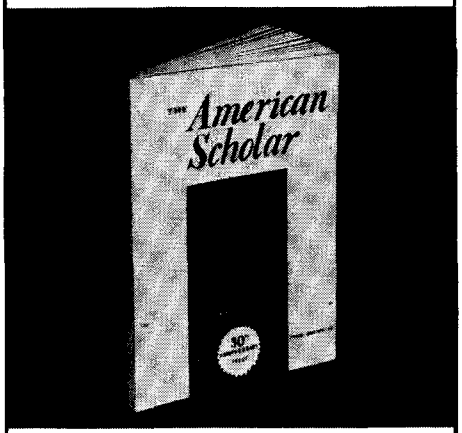

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tolerates classes among citizens." On Justice Harlan's background, Mr. Konvitz has nothing whatever to say, but he might have quoted his Cornell colleague, Professor Robert E. Cushman, who described the Justice as "a Southern gentleman and a slave-holder, and at heart a conservative."

The Justice did not sound much like a conservative at times, or like the stereotyped Southerner either, but he had his predecessors and he has his successors. I am thinking more of the latter. The heroes of the present struggle, apart from the Negro leaders themselves, are the hundreds of judges, marshals, and law-enforcement agents who are fighting out this war on the firing line, where the going is perhaps somewhat tougher than it is, say, in upstate New York.

There is a tendency of late, as impatience and exasperation mount in the North, to stereotype all Southerners in somewhat the fashion that the extreme Negro Left declares all whites "sick." Sectional stereotypes helped to frustrate the First Reconstruction. It would be a pity if they were revived to impede the progress of the Second Reconstruction. «»

The Brown Danube

GEORGE STEINER

THE DEMONS, by Heimito von Doderer. 2 vols. *Knopf. $13.50.*

The brutal diminution of Austria from empire to petty republic provoked a queer counteraction in Austrian literature. Between the wars and in the immediate past, Austrian novelists have produced a series of gigantic books, immense in size as well as in inward scope. It is as if the Austrian sensibility were seeking in the world of words and imagined lives a direct compensation for the catastrophic loss in 1918 of physical space and political horizons. Turned into minnows by reality, Austrian writers have created whales for the imagination.

Of these titans, the noblest are the novels of Hermann Broch. Scarcely known to the general public, difficult of access through the intricacy of his style and vision, Broch is the greatest novelist European literature has produced since Joyce; his *The Death of Virgil* represents the only genuine technical advance that fiction has made since *Ulysses*. It reaches even nearer than Joyce to the quick of thought, to those integral lives of mind and soul which seem to lie just outside the domain of ordinary syntax. More than any other modern artist except Kafka, Broch confronted a dilemma peculiar to our black age: is art a serious pursuit in a time of ultimate political terror; can fiction match in some responsible manner the hideous urgency of truth? Is silence not the truest answer of art to present reality? From this query, which Broch pursued with stubborn scruple, sprang two masterpieces, *The Death of Virgil* and *The Tempter*. The latter (which has not even been translated into English) stands beside Mann's *Doktor Faustus* as the only work of the imagination that is somehow commensurate with the theme of Hitler and the nightmare of Nazism. Outwardly more limited—the whole novel is enacted in a small Alpine valley—Broch's parable goes deeper than Mann's.

THE SECOND of these Austrian "gigantics" is Robert Musil. He is widely regarded as a successor to Proust, and there is much about his immense novel, *The Man Without Qualities*, to invite such comparison. Running to some two thousand pages, Musil's chronicle, like that of Proust, assembles a mosaic of an entire society on the eve of world war. As in *La Recherche du Temps Perdu*, moreover, so in Musil sexual encounters and unorthodoxies play a central role. They are made to express the larger crisis of western values. Where Proust chose homosexuality, Musil set incest, making of it a symbol of the decline and tribulation of psychic energies. But there the analogies cease. Musil was a mathematician, and quite possibly his uniqueness and prophetic stature lie in the fact that he brought to fiction some of the rigors and modalities of mathematical invention. His patterns are crystalline yet complex, and his treatment of personages suggests the use of variants in an intricate set.

NEITHER Broch nor Musil received much recognition during their difficult lives; both died impoverished and in exile. Heimito von Doderer has been more fortunate. He has survived both wars, though an active participant, and has achieved considerable renown in the German-speaking world. Rumors of a Nobel hover around his aristocratic name, and he is making his American debut in sumptuous guise. Like Broch and Musil, Doderer writes at tremendous length; *The Demons* is a novel of more than thirteen hundred pages. Like Broch in *The Sleepwalkers* and Musil in *The Man Without Qualities*, Doderer attempts to weave a host of characters into a complete panorama of society. And Doderer seeks to give to his realistic narrative the overtones of a larger symbolic meaning. Behind the sprawling canvas of *The Demons* are portentous intimations of metaphysics and of a theory of history. But the difference between Broch and Musil on the one hand and Doderer on the other is very great: it is a difference of specific talent.

The Demons leans heavily on Musil. It echoes many of his narrative devices: the idea of a social clan within which the main characters evolve and break off complicated erotic and economic relations; the passage in and out of the main action of a savage murderer; a central, intense relationship between a brother and sister. As the title deliberately announces, Doderer is also trying to mirror Dostoevsky's great fable of political madness, *The Possessed* (always rendered into German as *Die Dämonen*). Doderer's climax, the burning of the Palace of Justice during the Socialist demonstration of July 15, 1927, expressly reflects the fires set by the Nihilists in *The Possessed*. In both instances, the outward flames signify the conflagration of moral and private values.

But such parallels only accentuate Doderer's limitations. *The Demons* is like one of those vast government buildings erected by the Austro-Hungarian Empire and still in present use; it is monumental, but parts of it seem vacant and have a musty

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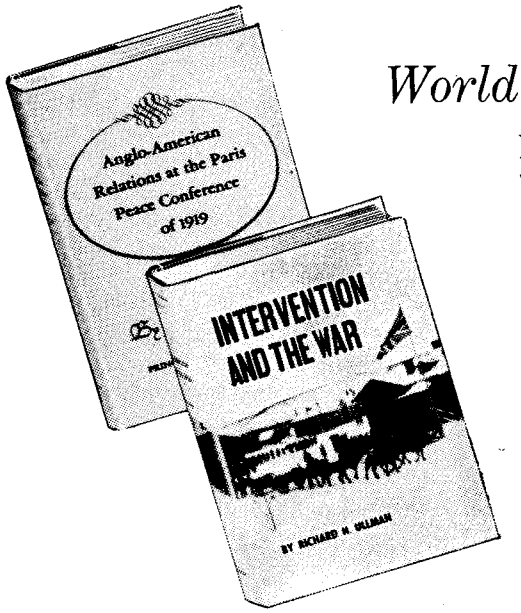

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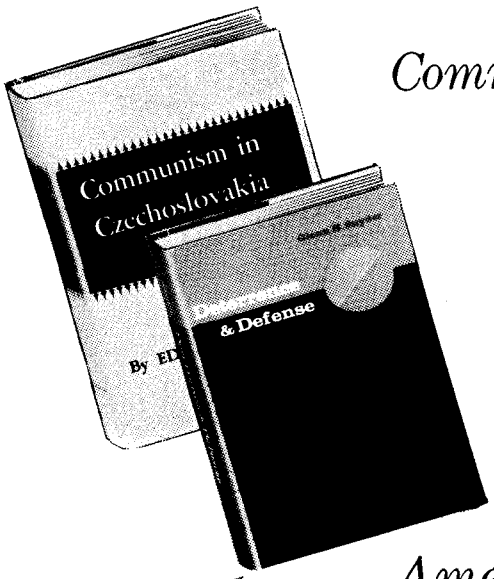

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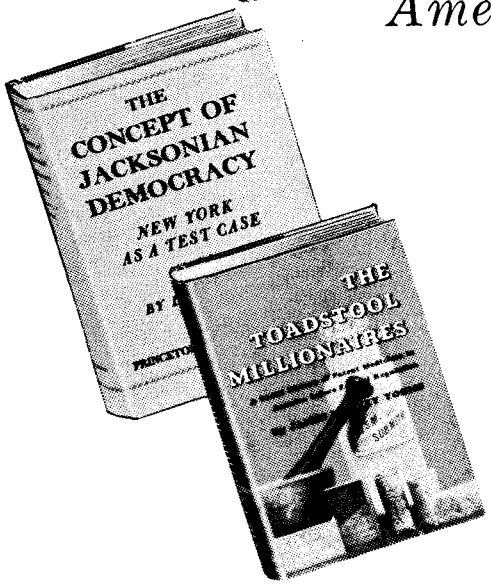

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air. In Musil, length is a stylistic device; an extreme complication and subtlety of feeling is arrived at by minute touches. But, as in Proust, every part of the design is richly utilized. Doderer spreads his colors thinly over excessive and often unorganized space. His characters have a kind of nervous, sketchy vividness; over the long stretch they grow thin and mannered. Lovers, intellectuals, ex-officers, financiers, scheming widows, bourgeois, and workmen drift across Doderer's panorama in bewildering skeins of relation or chance encounter. But few of them take on true life; only Leonhard Kakabsa, the self-educated factory hand, oddly reminiscent of the radical hero in Henry James's *Princess Casamassima*, and Charlotte von Schlaggenberg, the young violinist in whom the temptations of art and of private passion beat with equal strength. Too many of the personages become confusing masks behind which the narrator conceals his own crotchety, gossipy voice.

THE CONTEXT of social and political reference in *The Demons*, moreover, is fantastically parochial. Only an intimate *connaisseur* of Vienna and of Viennese conventions will get much of a picture of what is going on. A street map is nearly indispensable. Much of the plot hinges on the move of certain characters from one district of Vienna to another, and on all the attendant implications of social flux. To an outsider such matters are arcane and boring. And although the underlying theme—the coming of the social catastrophes of the 1930's—is obviously a fascinating one, Doderer diminishes it by the fussy, oblique manner of his treatment.

Here we come up against one of the most intractable of literary problems. The internecine wars of petty Italian towns of the Middle Ages continue to be fiercely alive in Dante; the Paris of Balzac and the Dublin of Joyce have become a part of the universal legacy of the imagination; the petty contrivings of a handful of Russian Nihilists take on enduring validity in *The Possessed*. But elsewhere, and distinctly in the case of Doderer, the local framework condemns a book to utter parochialism. Why the difference? Perhaps it takes a master to impose upon a reality as autonomous and diverse as a city the stamp of a new, personal vision. Where a lesser craftsman is at work, the material comes to overwhelm the shape of art. Only a great writer can compel the circumstances and local flurries of his own age to yield their part of eternity. In *The Trial*, Kafka made of Prague a city terrifyingly relevant to our general condition; we all have our precarious home in it. In *The Demons*, Doderer makes of Vienna what perhaps it is: a provincial town with a somewhat pompous and unsavory past. Decked out in lavish design, this dull book leaves one with the image of a whale spouting feebly in the shallows of the brown Danube.

Japanese Brush Strokes

HAROLD STRAUSS

THE OLD WOMAN, THE WIFE, AND THE ARCHER: **Three modern Japanese short novels by Fukasawa Shichiro, Uno Chiyo, and Ishikawa Jun. Translated, with an introduction, by Donald Keene. *Viking*. *$3.95*.**

Since 1945 Japan has been passing through a literary renaissance remarkable for both the quality, quantity, and variety of its fiction. Among the best works, there has been a comparatively large proportion of what the Japanese call middle-length novels, and the three in this handsome volume are fine examples.

I like to think that the Japanese penchant for the novelette has something to do with their traditional admiration for apparent simplicity and economy of means, be it of brush strokes in a painting, flowers in a vase, or ornaments in a room. Each of the three novelettes, discerningly selected and beautifully translated by Donald Keene, is rich in intimations; each elucidates a context traditional to the Japanese but not unknown in other pre-industrial societies. All three were published

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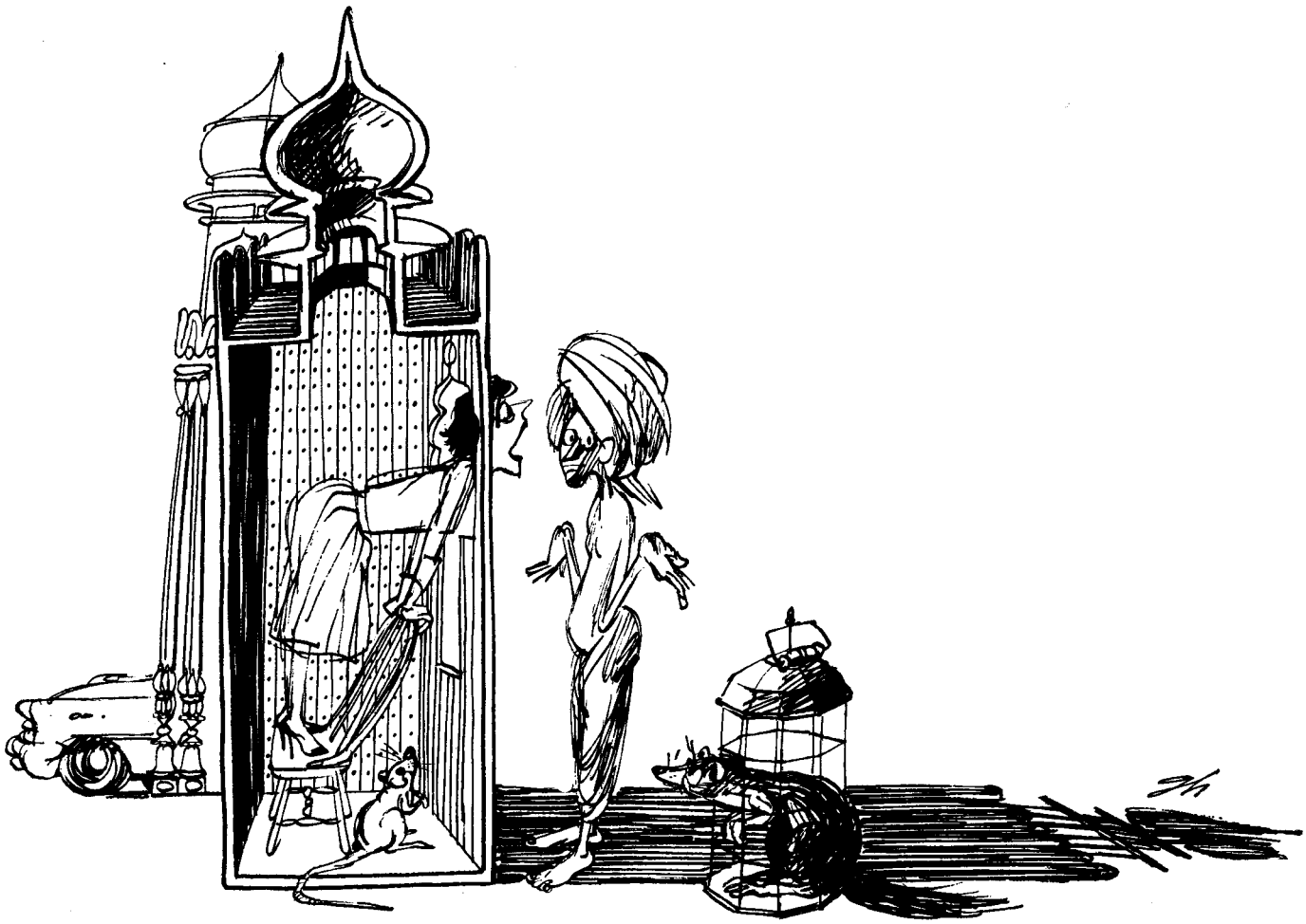

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within the last ten years (the publisher fails to give the exact dates and original titles), but in none is there a trace of today's television-and-washing-machine existence, even though one, *The Wife,* is set in a time when industrialization was already well advanced in Japan. In the other two there is not even a bicycle, much less a taxi or a train. The lack of such novelistic furniture frees each writer to gaze unblinkingly at the pure flame of emotion.

THE OLDEST SETTING, the thirteenth century or earlier, is that of *The Archer,* by Ishikawa Jun. It was the twilight of the classical period, when learning was diminishing, when order and communication were breaking down, and when Japan was about to enter the feudal chaos of a long dark age. This disintegration is beautifully intimated (never explicated) in a tale full of magic, superstition, and death. It concerns Muneyori, the black warrior-hero (as we speak of a Black Mass) who was the youthful governor of a province much of which was an unknown land. Muneyori pushes all the classical virtues to excess with a kind of Japanese *hubris.* Thus he tarnishes both learning and filial piety by quarreling with his father over a line of poetry and by killing his tutor. Those who have read Eugen Herrigel's wonderful little book *Zen in the Art of Archery* will know that Muneyori's mastery of the bow was not a matter of manual dexterity but of inward contemplation, and that its defilement by his lust for killing led to self-destruction. Buddhism had by this time absorbed the nature cults of Shinto, and Muneyori manages to affront even the omnipresent demons.

The next oldest setting, about a hundred years ago, is that of *The Old Woman* (originally called "The Songs of Oak Mountain"), although Fukasawa draws on a folk legend that recurs throughout the world. In an utterly isolated and impoverished mountain valley, the farmers adhere sternly to the custom of escorting old people to the top of Oak Mountain just when the first blizzard is to be expected, and of leaving them there to save what little food there is for younger and more productive villagers. Fukasawa

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Moreover, the bookstore prices of good books have been going up and up. In our economy, consumers are increasingly differentiating between the list and market prices of most items. The book club, by providing wide distribution – plus the convenience of mail delivery – enables readers to obtain books at substantial discounts. If you buy your books through The Mid-Century Book Society, you can save 50% or more through low member's prices and free bonus books of your own choice.

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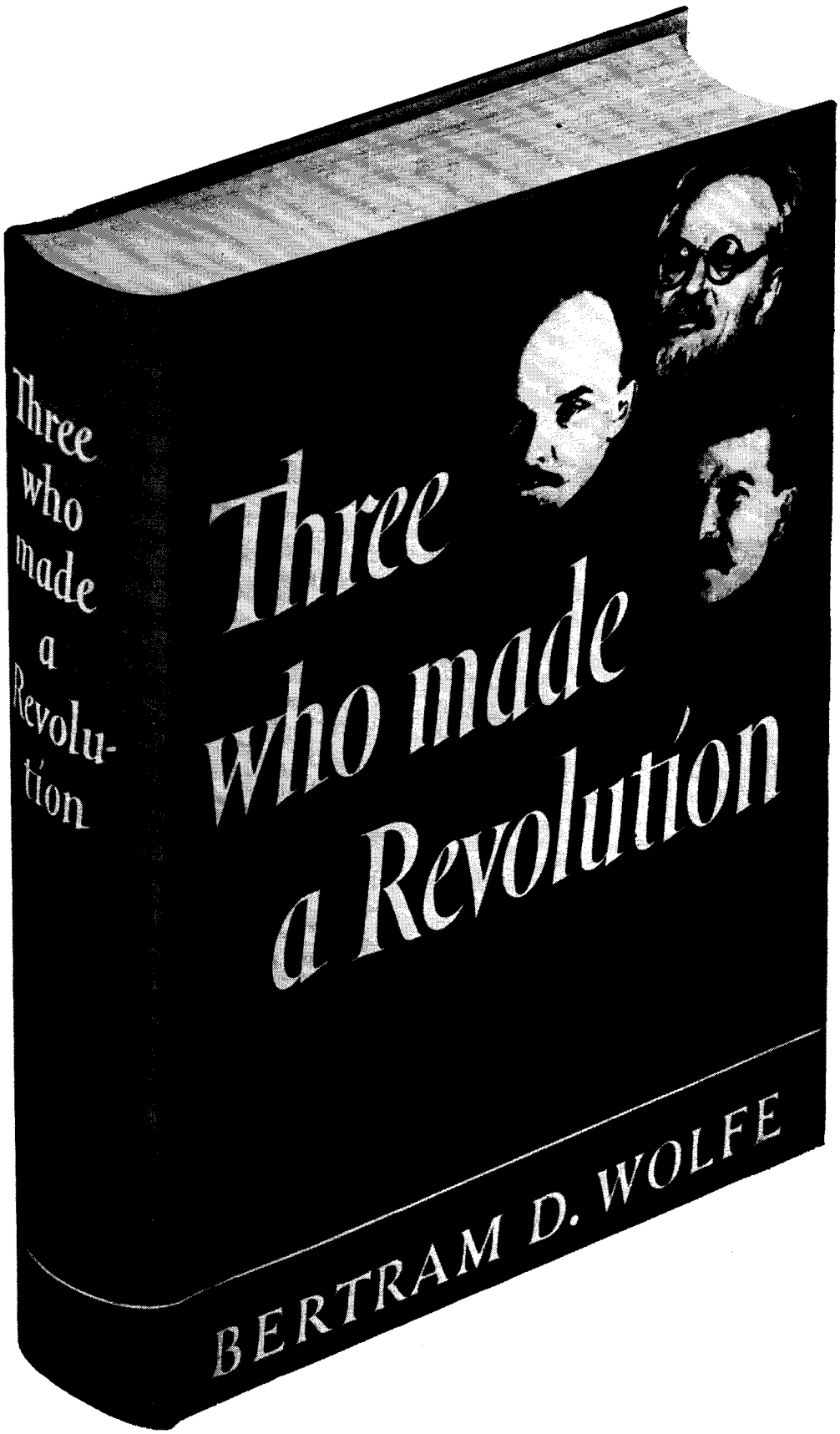

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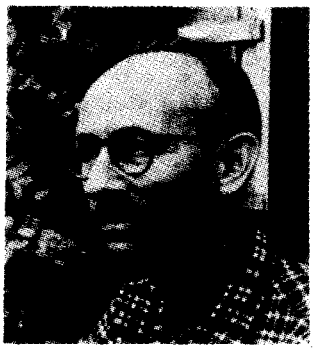

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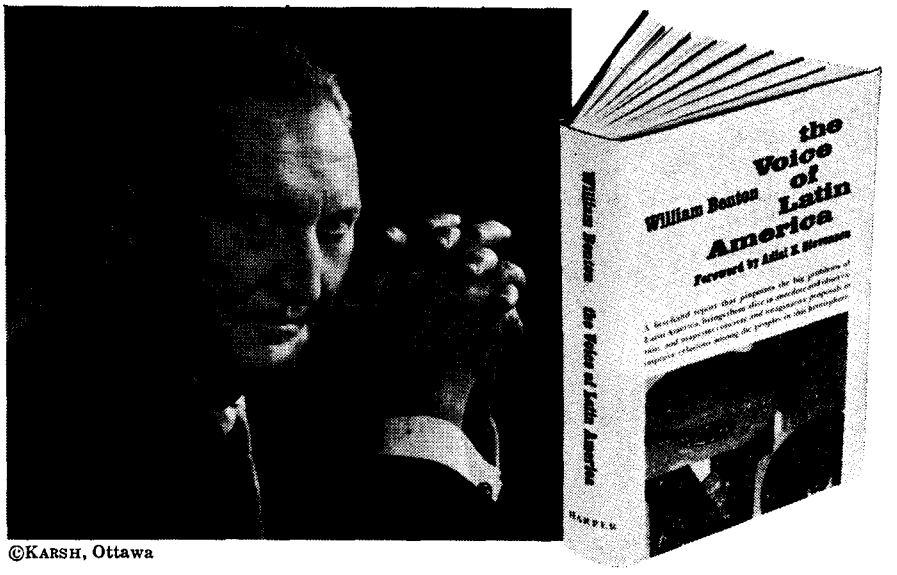

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individualizes his characters beautifully, and this is a powerful and moving story precisely because O-rin, the grandmother, chooses to ascend the mountain on her seventieth birthday out of the depths of her love for her family. I read this story differently from Mr. Keene, who says that in all versions of the legend the emphasis is on the son's reluctance to abandon his mother. Surely we are asked first of all to consider the nobility of O-rin's acquiescence, especially as contrasted to the resistance of an old man who has to be shackled and carried up the mountain.

ODDLY ENOUGH, the author of this small masterpiece has written nothing else worth reading. On the other hand, Uno Chiyo (who ranks with Enchi Fumiko among Japan's leading contemporary woman novelists) has written a number of distinctive and distinguished novels since her *Iro Zange* ("A Confession of Love") began to appear serially in 1934. Mr. Keene writes that "Japanese literature is unique in that the major works are chiefly by women." Surely Mr. Keene meant to refer only to classical Japanese literature, since the great writers of the last four hundred years have almost all been men. But Miss Uno and Miss Enchi are perhaps only a notch below such male contemporaries as Tanizaki, Kawabata, and Mishima.

The Wife uses to great effect the recurring Japanese theme of the relationship of a seemingly submissive but strong woman and a weak, hedonistic man. For all the ceremonial superiority of men in Japanese tradition, women have always come to wield great power in family life as they grow older. Tanizaki, for instance, has written a fine comic novel about this paradox. Miss Uno has chosen to weave her timeless story around the complete disintegration of a man who lives on the earnings of his mistress and around the tragic death of his son. Ohan, his wife, does not kill herself as she would in a "popular" novel; she grows stronger and endures.

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